Radio AND TELEVISION MIRROR

FEBRUARY

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LMA BYRON
Diane of
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iction story
n this issue

ARY MARLIN—See Your Favorites in Real Life Portraits

Thrilling Novelette—JOHN'S OTHER WIFE

Radio's Drama of a Husband Who Was Tempted

MARY HAD A LITTLE

(INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went.
Boys looked PAST her — not AT her.
GIRLS liked her — because she was NO competition!
She was dainty and sweet.
Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered,
And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick,
But the KINDEST thing you could say
About her EYES was that they were — well,
Just a — WASHOUT!
One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement,
Just as you are doing, and
LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: *Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!*

Mary's lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form — both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary's eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Maybelline

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

Eyes Applaud, Hearts follow a Sparkling Smile!

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HAVEN'T YOU noticed that it isn't always the prettiest girl who is the best-liked, the most popular?

Heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl who *smiles!* Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a real smile—generous and gay. A smile that says, "Look, I'm in love with life!"

So wake up, plain girl—wake up and *smile!* You can steal the show if your smile is right. You can be a star in your own small world—you can win compliments—you can win love and romance.

But your smile must be *right.* It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. And remember, for a smile to keep its sparkle, *gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

So if you ever notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

For a Lovelier Smile—
Ipana and Massage

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.

A Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

GIRLS! DON'T GIVE UP

IF YOU'VE GOT A POOR COMPLEXION

Here's grand way that has helped improve complexions of thousands of women

• If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin—this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

Why it does so much

One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, *medicated* cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too. Nurses were among the first to discover how grand it is as a complexion aid.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help *your* complexion. Get a jar today and use it as a night cream and powder base. See what it does for your skin!

February, 1942

Radio AND TELEVISION Mirror

Vol. 17, No. 4

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CONTENTS

Special Features

Divorce Not Granted ..... **Weldon Melick** **10**
How long before a woman can forget the man she loves?

Kate Hopkins ..... **Norton Russell** **12**
Another famous air drama of love in exciting fiction form

John's Other Wife ..... **John Baxter** **14**
Read the story of Elizabeth Perry as a complete novelette

The Story of Mary Marlin in Living Portraits **18**
Beautiful album photographs of your favorite people

Romance on the Run ..... **Jack Sher** **23**
Frank Lovejoy didn't like Joan Bank's hair-ribbons, but—

Love Is Kind **24**
She knew what she wanted of love—but love fooled her

West of Heaven ..... **Roger Quayle Denny** **28**
A singing cowboy creates a radio scandal but finds romance

Every Hour of the Day **32**
From dawn till dark you'll be humming this tune by Rudy Vallee

Woman of Courage ..... **Madeline Thompson** **34**
How can Martha dissuade Jim from divorce?

Double Duty Meals ..... **Kate Smith** **38**
Don't neglect those "variety" meats which are delicious!

Added Attractions

Reporting on Television ..... **Wil Marcus** **3**

What's New From Coast to Coast ..... **Dan Senseney** **4**

Superman in Radio **6**

Steps to Loveliness ..... **Dr. Grace Gregory** **8**

Rudy Vallee Gallery **31**

Facing the Music ..... **Ken Alden** **40**

Inside Radio—The Radio Mirror Almanac **43**

ON THE COVER—Delma Byron, heard as Diane in Kate Hopkins, on CBS

Kodachrome by Charles P. Seawood

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REPORTING on TELEVISION

By Wil Marcus, CBS Writer

SINCE July first CBS has transmitted well over 300 hours of television programs designed to satisfy a wide variety of the public's entertainment and educational appetites. Art, music, dancing, singing, sports, children's stories, open forum discussions, and visual quizzes are a few of the program types that are being regularly presented.

William Shirer, Norman Thomas, Ex-Governor Philip LaFollette, Paul Draper, Patricia Bowman, Rex Stout, Michael Strange, and Major George Fielding Eliot are among the hundreds of celebrities who have already appeared before the CBS television cameras.

Yet ten years ago, CBS already had televised more than 2500 hours of programs. At that time, the images were poorly defined, the performer had to limit his movements to a space about as large as a bath mat, and he performed in a small, box-like studio in darkness while a flying spot of light rapidly traced and retraced his features.

Employing the modern electronic tracing or scanning method of television, Columbia today maintains its audio and video operations in a studio resembling a barn located in the Grand Central Terminal Building in New York City. The studio is huge and brilliantly lighted, and offers the performer the same freedom of action he enjoys on a spacious stage. Today's television images on the receiver are well-defined.

Naturalness, informality, and ease have been found to be valuable assets for television. According to Gilbert Seldes, noted author and critic who is director of the CBS television program department, "television shows things as they really are. Therefore the simple and the unpretentious come over beautifully. And everything that is faked is multiplied a hundred times. This means that informal shows, people being themselves, tend to be better than elaborate pretenses."

On Monday nights WCBW, the CBS television station, presents an hour program called "Men at Work." It offers talented specialty acts. Singers, roller skaters, tumblers, jugglers, dancers, mimics, and boxing cats represent only a portion of the talents that "Men at Work" has already presented. To date, well over a hundred artists have had an opportunity to adapt their particular talents to the television medium at the same time that the television audience has received a pleasing and entertaining show, informally presented.

Television's future is not nearly as well-defined as the sharp images that appear on the television receiver. However, many herald television—possibly even color television—along with commercial aviation and prefabricated housing as a great post-war industry.

Even at winter parties—it's August under your arms!

Guard popularity, prevent underarm odor with Mum!

WINTER is a season of wonderful parties and wonderful times, if a girl is *popular!* So don't let underarm odor come between you and social success. In winter, as in summer, guard daintiness with sure, dependable Mum!

Even though you see no warning trace of moisture, underarms always perspire. Heavier clothing and heated rooms encourage danger for the girl who foolishly thinks that, in winter, she doesn't perspire!

Everyone does! That's why it's so foolish to trust just a bath to *keep* you sweet. A bath only removes past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Use Mum for:

SPEED! 30 seconds to use . . . protects for a whole day or a whole evening.

SAFETY! Mum has won the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. And Mum won't irritate skin, even after shaving.

DEPENDABLE! Mum guards charm, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor all day or all evening. Mum is pleasant, creamy, fragrant—you'll like it! Get Mum from your druggist today!

WINTER WARNING: DAINTINESS IS NOW IN DANGER!

For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Use GLOVER'S Medicinal Treatment, with Massage, for Loose Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair!

Movie stars know the importance of using the right treatment! If you've tried scented hair preparations without results, switch now to this famous MEDICINAL Treatment, used by millions. Try GLOVER'S, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. You'll actually *feel* the exhilarating effect, *instantly!* Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

SEND COUPON TODAY

Here's a convenient way to convince yourself! Send today for a generous complete FREE application of Glover's Mange Medicine—also the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO—in hermetically sealed bottles. This gift is distributed by coupon only. Complete instructions and booklet, The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!

Two Bottles, FREE! Glover's Mange Medicine and the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo, as pictured. SEND COUPON TODAY!

GLOVER'S

Glover's, 460 Fourth Ave., Dept. 552, New York
Send FREE samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new GLO-VER SHAMPOO in hermetically sealed bottles. I enclose 3¢ to cover postage.

Name_____

Address_____

What's New from Coast

They make a handsome foursome and they got a lot of laughs on the Treasury Hour over the NBC-Blue—left to right, Barry Wood, Kay Kyser, Dick Powell and Charles Boyer. Right, the Goldbergs celebrate their twelfth radio birthday.

Pvt. George Monaghan was master of ceremonies when WBT's Dancing Party went military.

IT'S Mary Martin of the movies who takes Connie Boswell's place on Bing Crosby's show beginning January 1. She'll be singing solos and duets with Bing for seven Thursday nights at least—longer if she and the Groaner like each other's personalities and way of vocalizing. Connie had to bow out of the show to make a long-overdue series of personal appearances in theaters.

* * *

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—When station WBT turned over its famous Midnight Dancing Party to the Fourth Army Corps during the recent Carolina war maneuvers, it performed a service that Army officials said was "unprecedented in the annals of radio."

With Private George Monaghan as master of ceremonies, the WBT Midnight Dancing Party became a clearing house for news between the soldiers on maneuvers and their folks back home. It relayed messages from the boys to their mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts and friends scattered everywhere from coast to coast. It brought some soldiers to the microphone so families could hear their voices. It played musical numbers dedicated "To Johnny from Mom," or "To Mom from Johnny." In fact, it did everything that could be done to keep lonesome boys and their anxious families in comforting contact with each other.

The Army was lucky in having someone like Private George Monaghan to be master of ceremonies. George was an announcer at WTHT in Hartford, Connecticut, before going into the Army. There he announced the programs of Cedric Foster, news commentator. So it was only natural that the United States Army should take advantage of George's radio personality and experience by putting him in charge of the Dancing Party when WBT patriotically turned the program over to the Army's use.

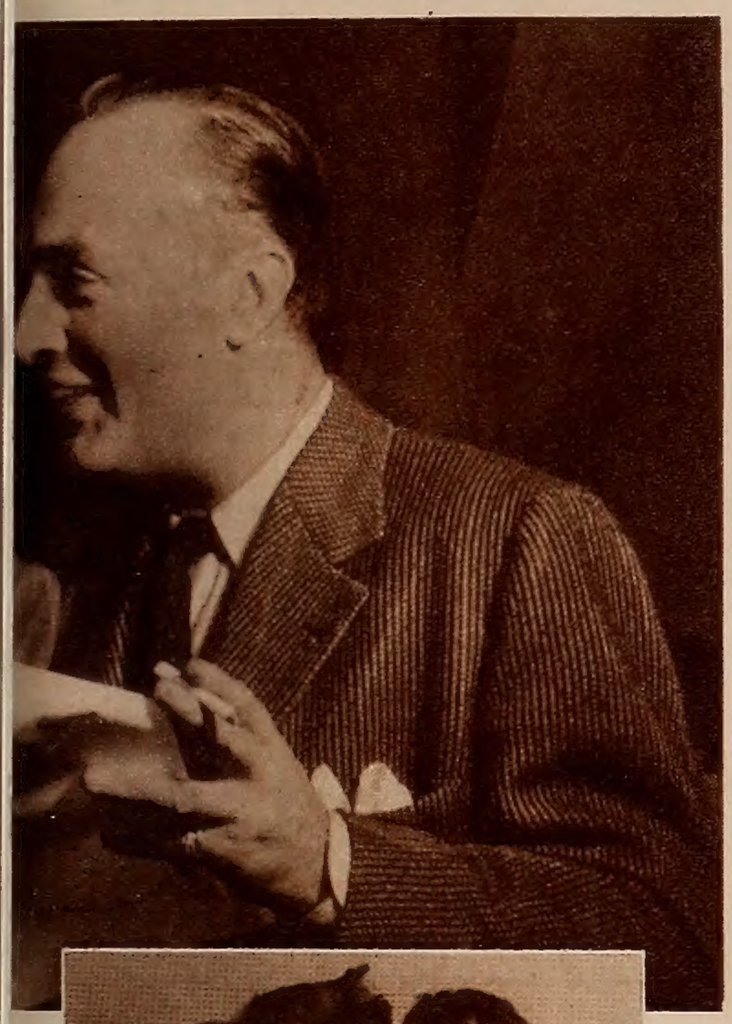
Now the Carolina war maneuvers are over, and George is back in Fort Blanding, Florida, but both he and the Party did something that many soldiers will remember gratefully for a long time to come.

* * *

That was a nice Thanksgiving gesture of Joan Blaine's. Joan and the late Judith Lowery, radio actress who played in Valiant Lady until her death a year ago, were very dear

By Dan Senseney

to Coast



friends. Every Thanksgiving Miss Lowery used to entertain inmates of the Old People's Home at dinner. This year Joan carried on the tradition out of respect for her old friend.

* * *

Rudy Vallee's having all his old dance and theater programs, broadcast scripts, press clippings and whatnot photographed on microfilm, partly to save space in the library of his Hollywood home, partly to make a permanent record.

* * *

PITTSBURGH—Feminine listeners to station KQV learn the latest news about fashions, as well as a good many other interesting matters, by tuning in Florence Sando's program, Everything Under the Sun, Mondays through Saturdays at 8:30 A. M.

Florence—everyone calls her Flo—has just turned twenty-three, but she has a Master's degree in Drama and Theater, is on the staff of the Pittsburgh Playhouse, and writes, produces, and serves as commentator on her own sponsored program. Not bad for so young and pretty a person.

Pittsburgh is almost Florence's home town, but not quite—she was born in Wilkinsburg, a suburb. In 1935, after graduating from Wilkinsburg High School, she entered West-

(*Continued on page* 48)

"New Loveliness Awaits You!" Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride is Mrs. E. C. Thuston, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala. who says: "I'm so proud of my complexion since I changed to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

This exciting idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—it has helped thousands of lovely brides!

NEW LOVELINESS may await you in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Everywhere you'll find charming brides like Mrs. Thuston who have trusted the care of their complexions to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. All are visible proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for loveliness!

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only *mild*—it's actually milder than the ten famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Be faithful! Use gentle Camay night and morning for *30 days*. With the very first treatment you'll feel your skin glow with new freshness. Then, as the days go by, thrilling new loveliness may be yours!

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

Superman in Radio

Clark Kent and the editor listened attentively to the Chinese Doctor's words: "Before the next sun rises—I will be dead!" he said.

With the threat of an ugly, snout-nosed revolver, Huffman brutally forced Lois, girl reporter, to go to San Francisco with him.

Down Superman swooped. Quickly he gathered Lois up in his great arms and brought her to safety as she slipped into unconsciousness.

DARKNESS had fallen in Metropolis' Chinatown. The narrow, winding streets were empty save for a few wraith-like figures, standing in shadowed doorways. Here and there a dim light burned in a store window piled high with bits of milky jade, lacquered boxes and all manner of strange curios from a land beyond the seas. The silence was broken only by the purr of a motor car moving slowly through the streets. Then, as its occupants noticed, under the dim street lamp, the number 44, it drew up to a stop.

The two men stepped out. The older one turned to his companion:

"Well, Kent, here we are. Chee Wan owns this jewelry store and lives just above it. Come on, let's go up."

The odd pair climbed the curving, ill-lighted stairs. They reached the top and knocked on the massive oak door. A stooped, aristocratic elderly Chinese answered in perfect English:

"Greetings, Mr. White. It is an honor to welcome the distinguished editor of the *Daily Planet*. The trip will be worth it, I assure you."

The Doctor's words were slow and measured:

"Before the next sun rises—I will be *dead*. Don't question that statement. If you will bear with me, I shall try to tell you why I have asked your help. In 1930, while traveling through Western China, I discovered in an ancient temple in the Province of Shenshing, a goatskin manuscript composed by an unknown scholar 3000 years ago.

"The characters were faded almost beyond legibility, but by dint of patient effort I was able to decipher them."

Excitedly, Perry White broke in: "Go on—what did it say?"

"You may not believe me—but there, written on a square of goatskin 3000 years old. . . ."

In hushed, almost reverend tones, Dr. Wan continued with his story. He told how the manuscript described ten pieces of clear jade known as the Dragon's Teeth—each of them engraved with a different symbol representing a rare herb found only in the mountains of western China. These herbs—all ten of them—when combined and ground into a powder were said to make the human body free of disease. Dr. Wan had located nine of the jade pieces, but the tenth and last was owned by a man, once his assistant, Hans Huffman, a dealer in jewels, a man who, knowing the value of the jade; would stop at nothing to get his hands on the other nine pieces.

And now Wan, terrified that Huffman would kill him and steal the jade, wanted Perry White to take them for safekeeping.

White, trying desperately to ease the worry that seemed to weigh so heavily on the old man, insisted that nothing would happen to him. Laughingly he urged him to keep the Dragon's Teeth until the next morning. By that time he could get an expert from the National Museum to come in and look at them. Quietly, Dr. Wan acquiesced.

But, no sooner had the two newspapermen returned to their office than Kent turned to his superior: "Mr. White, I've got a funny hunch about that Wan case. If you don't mind, I'd like to go back and sort of keep an eye on the old man."

The editor nodded his agreement and Kent, waiting for no more, ran out of the building. Once alone he dropped the guise of the gentle reporter and became—Superman, Champion of the Weak and Oppressed! Quickly he leaped high into the air and then, red cloak streaming in the night wind, he sped through the darkness. In an incredibly short time he was back at the building he had left so brief a while before. But too late! Some one had been there before him. Climbing lithely through the window, Superman saw the form of Dr. Wan lying on the floor, inert in a pool of blood. The gentle, learned Chinese had been beaten, to death! Only too obvious was the motive—the black velvet box that had once held the precious pieces of jade was lying, empty, near the body of its owner.

Wasting no time, Superman leaped to the windowsill and out! In a flash he had reached the office of Hans Huffman. But the jewel-dealer was gone! Questioning the employees in the building, and piecing together the fragments of the stories he heard, Superman learned that Huffman had left, burdened with traveling bags, for San Francisco. Huffman must be the murderer! With the ten Dragon Teeth he must be on his way to China!

Back to the office of the *Daily Planet* Superman sped. He *had* been right. Huffman, he learned, had boarded a coast-to-coast transport plane less than an hour before! Acting hastily, he persuaded the editor to send him and Lois Lane, star girl reporter, on the next plane out. Huffman must be stopped before he could get a

China-bound boat!

But Superman had miscalculated the cunning of his foe. When he and Lois stepped down from their transport plane at the San Francisco airport, they were unable to find any trace of Huffman. Frantically, they searched for some clue that would tell them where to continue their search.

"Perhaps he slipped off the plane at the last stop before San Francisco," Lois suggested, "to throw us off the track."

Superman looked at his time table. "That would be Carson City," he said, "and there's only one way to find out if Huffman got off there."

"Let me go back," Lois pleaded. "You stay here and see if you can locate him. If I find he got off at Carson City, I'll wire and you can join me there."

Superman agreed. It was worth a chance that Lois's hunch was correct and somehow Huffman must be found. There was no way he could have known toward what peril the brave girl reporter was racing. For Lois had been right in her hunch. Huffman had stayed in Carson City, to avoid any possible pursuit. He was standing with his back to Lois, his face concealed by the paper he held up before him, when she asked at the hotel desk in Carson City if anyone answering Huffman's description had registered.

Seeing his danger, knowing how close his pursuers had come to finding him, Huffman lost no time in acting to protect himself. Following Lois to her room, he waited until the bell boy who had brought up her luggage had left, then he stood at her door and knocked. Roughly, he thrust himself inside the room when she opened the door and silenced her cry for help with the threat of an ugly, snout nosed revolver in his right hand.

Brutally he forced Lois to tell him that she was not alone in her search for him, that another reporter was still in San Francisco trying to find a clue to his whereabouts.

"So," Huffman snarled, "we shall send a telegram to this friend of yours—before we leave Carson City." He showed Lois the message he wrote.

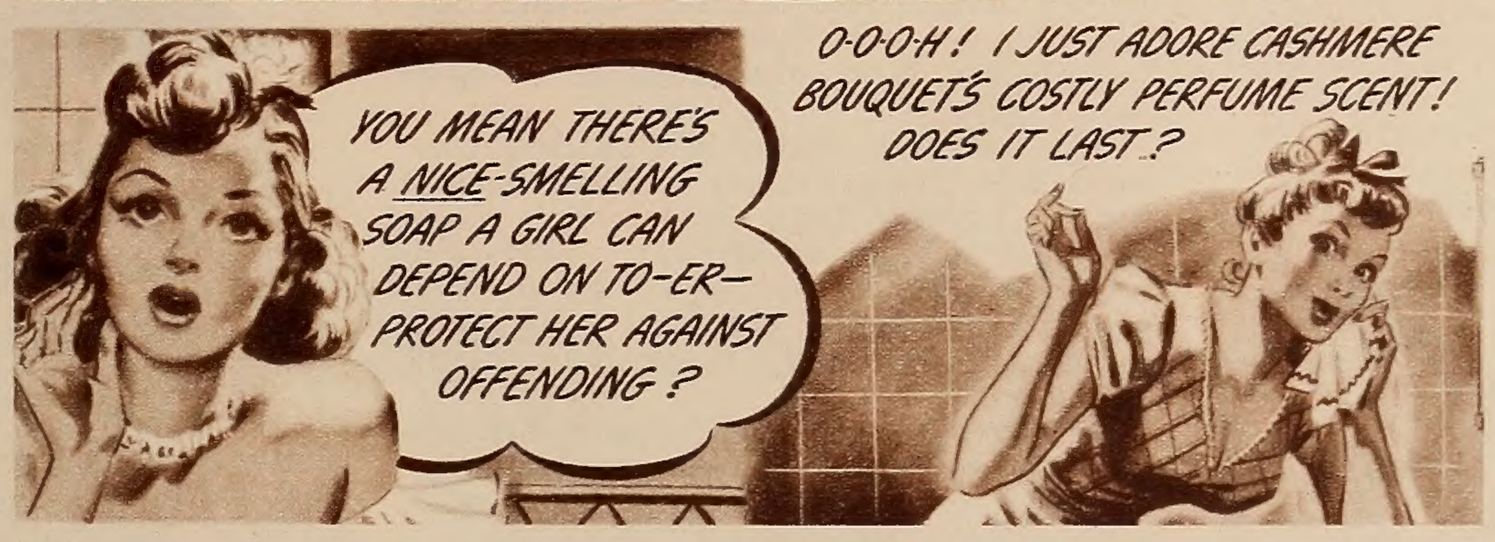
RETURN EAST AT ONCE VERY IMPORTANT LOVE LOIS

THAT evening Huffman and Lois set out in a second hand car for San Francisco. It was over an hour before Superman had the telegram and was reading the urgent message Huffman had sent in Lois's name. But Superman was suspicious of the wire and called Perry White in Metropolis. The editor was able to tell him nothing—except one vital fact: Lois had not returned. Then the wire must have been faked! Immediately, Superman called the Carson City hotel and learned what he had to know—that Lois Lane and a strange man had checked out of the hotel that afternoon!

That was all Superman needed. Up—UP—and away—and, high above the dark countryside, the stalwart figure leaped forward in curious flight, following the thin ribbons of steel that wound in and out of mountainous ravines and over towering trestles. Faster and ever faster, mocking even the wind in his flight, he sped back to Carson City. Once

(*Continued on page 68*)

SHE'S DISCOVERED A SECRET *you* should learn, my dear . . . the secret of combating body odor and at the same time adorning her skin with the fragrance men love! You see, it's no longer necessary to use an unpleasant smelling soap!



YES, INDEED . . . just use gentle, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Revel in its rich, cleansing suds that banish body odor and leave your skin enticingly scented with a subtle, protecting fragrance!

DEFINITELY! In fact, that exquisite, lingering scent is the success secret of many a romance! And thousands have proved to themselves that Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that won't irritate their skin!

THAT'S A SWELL IDEA! It's always a pleasure to give a smart girl like you a glamour hint . . . to tell you about the lovelier way to avoid offending . . . how to be safe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . and about its costlier perfume! Don't forget, there's no finer complexion care than Cashmere Bouquet, every day . . . it's *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Better get half a dozen cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—now!

Steps to Loveliness

BY DR. GRACE GREGORY

Portrait of a girl who knows the art of subtle and careful make-up—Joan Tetzel who plays Lucy in CBS's woman of Courage.

First Step—Begin with a thorough cleansing.

Second Step—The foundation or powder base next.

Third Step—Now the rouge—not too much, please.

Fourth Step—Use a powder brush for powdering.

EVERY day, and sometimes oftener than that, we practice the subtle and exquisite art of make-up. But practice alone does not make perfect. If we let our make-up routine become automatic, and never try the new and improved cosmetics and toiletries which are always coming out, the chances are that our routine will degenerate into something very careless.

The stars of radio are skilled cosmeticians, always eager for new beauty hints. Lovely Joan Tetzel who plays the part of Lucy in Woman of Courage on CBS, puts on her make-up so subtly that you never think of it as make up at all. You only think how lovely she is.

Preparing your complexion for the day begins with a thorough cleansing. Massage gently, face and neck, with your chosen cleansing cream.

Massage the cream gently with a circular motion, working upward and outwards from the chin. Relax the tense nerves at the temples, and smooth out frown lines. Cream and massage the neck.

Now remove the cream with cleansing tissue, and wash with warm water and mild soap. This soaping might well be done as you relax in the softened water of your beauty bath.

Oily skin and dry skin are both conditions indicating that the tiny oil glands do not function properly. For this, proper cleansing is the first and most obvious remedy.

After the cleansing, pat your skin briskly with a freshener or astringent or lotion as you may require. And now we are ready for the make-up.

First, the foundation or powder base. This may be a film of lotion or foundation cream. Or, for a mature or blemished skin, there are preparations more concealing. There is for instance a round cake of make-up which you apply with a wet pad. It is very popular because it stays on so well.

Rouge is the next step. Not too much, please—just enough to give your face a healthy natural glow. Whether you use the cream rouge or the dry, apply it in tiny dabs, and blend it well with your finger tips.

According as your face is oval, round, square, oblong, triangle, heart shaped, or diamond, you will find the proper placing of the rouge can do much to suggest the best contours. In general, start your rouge at the high point of the cheek bone, and follow the natural curve of the cheek towards the nose. Blend the rouge softly upwards, fading out at the outer corner of the eye. Practice will show you the best method for your face. However, rouge should be so natural that no one will notice it.

Powder first, if you use a dry rouge. But for any rouge be sure you also powder over it.

Powder should be patted on, beginning with chin and cheeks, and brushed off with a powder brush, a gadget that lasts a lifetime and is well worth the price.

Now for the lips. Be sure they are dry. Apply lipstick to the upper lip following the natural line. Then compress the lips, and suck them slightly back and forth to spread the lipstick well to the inside. Smooth the lipstick carefully with your finger tip, and finally press a tissue between the lips to remove the excess. If you have trouble getting the right outline, use a little brush and outline the lips first. Lips that are smeared or caked are always unpleasing, and the shade of your lipsticks must harmonize with your other cosmetics and with your own coloring. Lips that are startling in any way detract from the face instead of accenting it.

Fifth Step—Now for the lips. Be sure they're dry.

Sixth Step—The finishing touch is eye make-up.

Last of all the eyes. And be very, very careful. If eye make-up is the least bit overdone, it is terrible. But the eyes and mouth are the really expressive and important features. They deserve an accent. An imperceptible mascara on the lashes is permissible for brunettes, necessary for most blondes. Eyebrows usually need a pencil or mascara, but be sure to get a natural and becoming line. But remember, use it sparingly during the day; a little more at night. Eye shadow? Not for business. Almost imperceptible for other daylight engagements. Judiciously used, just a dab on each lid carefully blended off to the brow, it does help.

And now, after careful and intelligent use of the various and excellent cosmetics available to enhance your beauty, you have made a portrait of yourself at your best.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY ★ ★ ★ ★

Silkier, Smoother Hair...Easier to Manage
Lovelier Beyond Belief!

New hair-do with soft, natural-looking wave and curls . . . by Thomas Frank, famous Chicago hairstylist.

Amazing improvement in Special Drene Shampoo! Now contains wonderful hair conditioner to give new beauty thrills!

● If you haven't tried Special Drene lately—since it has that thrilling hair conditioner in it—you simply can't realize just how much lovelier your hair *can* look! Because it now makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair so much silkier, smoother . . . makes it behave better, fall into place more beautifully, right after shampooing!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all *soaps* do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color. Do you wonder that girls everywhere are so delighted with this new improved Special Drene Shampoo?

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

And when it comes to removing dandruff, no special "dandruff remover" shampoo known today can beat Drene! You know how important *cleansing* is in removing dandruff—so just remember that for cleansing Drene is supreme! Try improved Special Drene right away—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

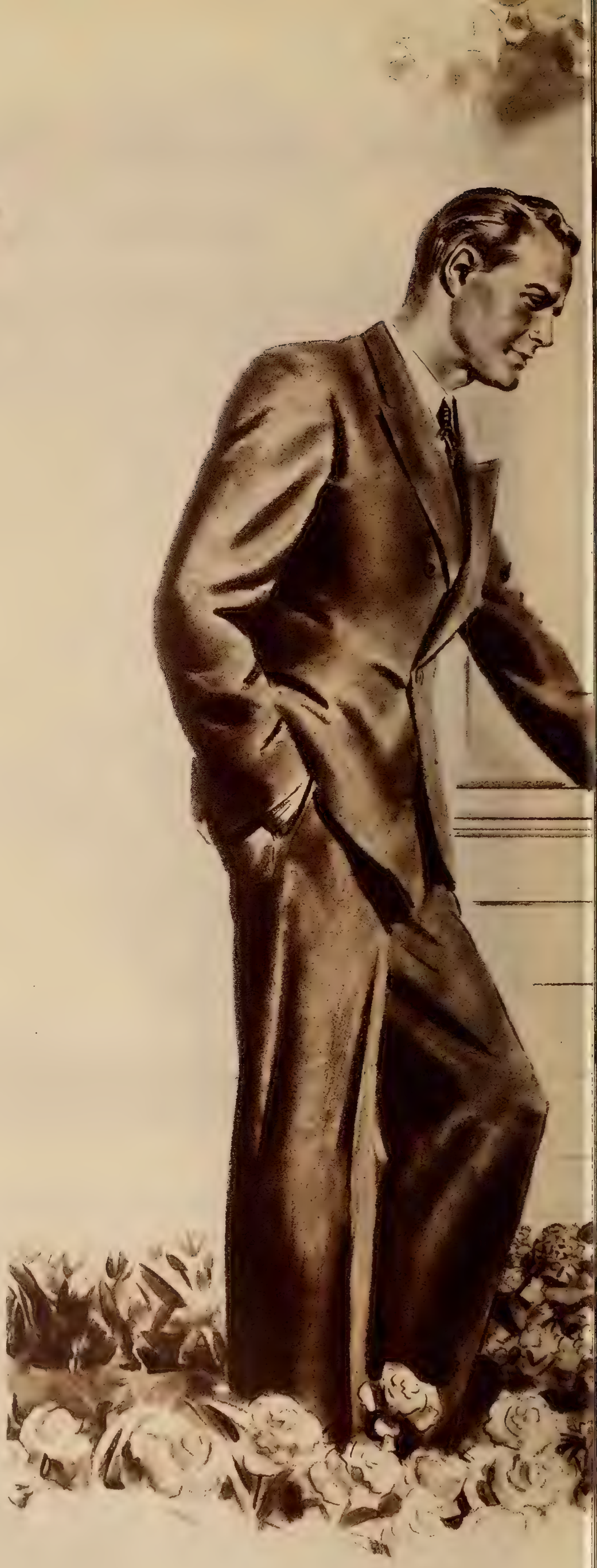
and is for *every* type of hair . . . dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene —in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos —which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% *more lustre!*

Divorce

NOT GRANTED



HERE was the cement bridge over the river, just north of Varney, and then the beginnings of town —the ugly old brewery, the warehouses and small, one-story places where they repaired tires or welded metal. Then the shopping section; "downtown," we'd always called it. There was a new office building on the corner of Willow and Taylor Streets. I stopped the car for a traffic light that hadn't been necessary three years ago, and looked at the people on the sidewalk curiously, wondering if I would see a face I knew, trying not to feel relieved when I didn't.

Three years wasn't such a terribly long time. I'd been twenty-five when Chet and I were divorced, and now I was only twenty-eight. Not such a long time. Three winters, three springs . . .

Looking back, it seemed like three eternities.

Anyway, I said to myself, it was long enough for me to get over the pain of being wrenched loose from a husband, a home, a whole way of living. I was cured now. That I could come back to Varney for this visit to Katharine Ormsby was proof of how thoroughly I was cured. I could even meet Chet, if I had to—although I was glad I wouldn't have to, glad he was to be safely out of town for the week end.

I swung the car into our old street, Prospect Avenue —and then realized I had turned too soon. Katharine's house was on the next street, its back yard separated from ours—Chet's, I should say now—by trees and bushes I had planted when we first came there to live. There was an intersection before I would pass the house; I could turn there. But instead, I went on, lifting my foot from the throttle so that the car slowed down and I could look at the low, rambling house set far back on a big lot, with its hand-split shingles painted white, its graceful, natural lines, its air of *belonging*.

I don't know what I had expected, but I was surprised to see how neat and self-respecting the place looked—the wide lawn trimmed, the paint bright, the shades drawn evenly at the windows. Surprised, that is, until I reflected that of course, Chet would get some capable person to take care of things for him. He had his pride. Just as I had. That had been the trouble.

The house was back of me now, and I was rounding the block, drawing up in front of Katharine's big, old-fashioned home. And there she was, at the door, looking just the same as she used to—comfortably plump, smiling, thick hair streaked with gray and piled on top of her head. Katharine was older than I—old enough to have a grown son—but that had never made any difference in our friendship because she was indomitably young in spirit. I had never

A Lincoln Highway broadcast told in vivid story form. Tune in Saturdays on the NBC-Red network, sponsored by Shinola shoe polish.

How long before a woman can forget the man she loves? Three winters, three summers, three eternities? Rita stood unseen, looking at the man she had divorced, and she sobbed, for he was locked in another's arms

Chet always laughed at my garden. He said I was crazy to ruin my hands that way.

Illustration by Ruskin Williams

known her husband; he was dead when I first knew her.

"Nita Russell!" she said after we'd kissed, putting her hands on my shoulders and holding me off so she could look at me. "My, it's good to see you again!"

"Not Russell," I said hastily, for a queer little pang had shot through me at being called that again. "Nita Kellar. *Miss* Nita Kellar."

"Oh—I forgot. That's something I'll have to get used to," she said without embarrassment. "But come on in—I'll take you right up to your room and then you must come down and meet Irene."

"Irene?"

"Harry's fiancée—my little boy has gone and fallen in love," Katharine said with a half-proud, half-regretful air. "He's so young—only just out of college—that I don't think I'd like the idea if Irene weren't so lovely." She paused, struck by a new thought. "She's very much like you, Nita, come to think of it. Very much like you as you were when you first came here to live."

"I hope that's an advantage for her," I said, laughing. "Chet, for instance, probably would say that was reason enough for Harry not to marry her."

"Oh," Katharine said calmly, taking my overnight bag and starting upstairs, "I don't think she's *jealous*."

And I was left to ponder that remark while I changed my dress and put on new makeup.

It was true enough, I knew. But I had hoped I was the only one who knew how true it was.

We might have been so happy, Chet and I, without my jealousy. It was an illness, a disease, with me. How many times I had promised myself, promised Chet, that I would conquer it! And yet, the next time he dared to leave my side at a party and talk to another woman, or if his work kept him after hours at the office, suspicions I could not control flared in me, and there were quarrels, accusations, bitterness between us. For Chet was not the man to laugh off my distrust. To him it was something unclean. He wanted, demanded, complete trust from me.

"Don't you see," he had once said, at the height of one of our quarrels, "that you're *driving* me away from you? You make me *want* to be unfaithful!"

I hadn't understood what he meant, then. I'd been too full of my own pride, too self-centered, to realize that my possessive jealousy could so easily chafe him into rebellion.

I realized it now. Three years of loneliness had given me plenty of time to think, and my thoughts had led me to one inescapable conclusion. Chet had not even been guilty in that last, violent (*Continued on page* 83)

Kate Hopkins

Radio's vivid love story of a man who cared not the snap of his blunt fingers for anyone but himself and of a woman who loved him and learned that there is not room in life for selfishness like his

KATE HOPKINS came down the broad curved staircase of Atwood House just as Pierre, the swarthy butler, was moving about the drawing room, emptying ash trays and switching on lights that had been cunningly placed to illuminate the graceful lines and subdued colors of old, expensive furniture. The warm Louisiana air stirred at the long windows, bringing with it the rich odor of bayou and canebrake—a scent a little too cloyingly sweet, as if to remind that under the lush growth of the plantation, nourishing it, were rottenness and death.

Across the hall other servants hovered over the table, setting it with a delicate lace cloth, heavy silver, glassware that caught and imprisoned the sparkling rays from the crystal chandelier. Everything was well-ordered, secure, steeped in peace; but Kate shuddered, and went quickly into the little writing room under the stairs, where it was possible to get a reassuring sense of being quite alone, quite unnoticed.

She dreaded the hours that were coming. If only those two friends of Jessie Atwood's hadn't arrived so unexpectedly!—and on today of all days. Jessie would be determined to keep up appearances before them, be brittle and gay as if she were on the stage again, playing the lead in a drawing-room comedy. Only, the situation in Atwood House was not a comedy; it was perilously close to tragedy.

Kate sat at the big mahogany desk, with its immaculate blotter, and leaned her head wearily against a clenched hand. Almost, she wished she had never left Forest Falls—or, leaving it, had chosen some other day, any other day but the one on which she would encounter Jessie Atwood on the train. For one small incident had led to another, and without willing it she had found herself installed here as Jessie's—as Jessie's what? Nurse? Companion? Friend? None of those things alone, but rather a combination of all three. Jessie's rampant unconventionality, of course, made it almost impossible for her to employ, simply, a nurse; as for friends, she was fond of announcing proudly that she hadn't any, only acquaintances. And they were scattered all over the globe.

Robert, Jessie's son, had inherited her uncanny ability to surround herself with violent drama—but not, Kate sighed inwardly, her fundamental sweetness. Robert was ruthless, Robert was hot-tempered and sullen, Robert cared not the snap of his blunt, strong fingers for anyone but Robert. And . . . Kate loved him.

She rose suddenly, impatiently, and went to stand at the window and look out at the night which seemed to pulsate with a life of its own. Yes, she loved him. She must have begun loving him that first minute Jessie had brought her here and she had seen his dark face, too self-willed to be called handsome. God knew she had fought against it . . .

When old Jessie Atwood first brought her to Atwood House, they found Robert engaged to a girl half his age, Diane Pers. There had been trouble with Elise, the Creole woman who had kept house for him in the fifteen years his mother had been away, traveling in Europe. Elise loved him, too; she would not step aside for Diane. But at last his will broke hers, and the way was clear for Robert and Diane to be married . . . Kate's memory rejected the thought of those days, when it became more and more apparent to each of them that they were caught in an overwhelming, impossible emotion—when Robert realized, after all, how little he wanted to marry Diane, now that he knew Kate.

Well, only Robert would have been wily enough, ruthless enough, to put Kate's own son, Tom, into Diane's life. He had tried to arrange a marriage between them; and he had succeeded. But Elise would not step aside a second time, not for Kate, whom she had disliked from the first. And now Elise

Another famous air drama brought to you in exciting fiction form by Norton Russell. Listen to Kate Hopkins daily at 2:45 P.M., E.S.T., over CBS, sponsored by Maxwell House Coffee. Illustration posed by Selena Royle as Kate and Raymond Edward Johnson as Robert Atwood.

"Wait until your New England conscience stops bothering you?" Robert said. Then he turned angrily away.

was dead, murdered by some unknown hand.

The atmosphere in the writing room seemed, all at once, stifling, and Kate left it for the drawing room. Robert and his mother were there, alone; Col. Dunham and his little daughter had not yet come down.

"Come in, Kate, and join the happy family circle," Robert greeted her. "Mother needs your support; she's floundering badly." He bent down and put his hand on a cocktail shaker. "Let me pour you a drink."

"No, thank you." What pleasure, she wondered, did Robert always get out of offering her liquor, when he knew perfectly well she didn't like the stuff? But the answer to that question was perfectly plain: he enjoyed anything that made her seem cold, repressed, puritanical.

"Then I shall have another," Robert said, pouring. "Mother—you?" When Jessie shook her head he went on, "Mother disapproves of having a cocktail before all the guests are assembled. Wasn't it clever of her, Kate, to invite a man I don't even know—*and* his sub-adolescent (*Continued on page* 59)

John's Other Wife

Elizabeth, his home, his children meant everything to John Perry. But Marianne's golden youth was beckoning him to forget them all and follow her into forbidden realms of romance

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JOHN PERRY was in the middle of a busy afternoon. One duty after another had kept him chained to his desk in the Willison Department Store. He had no time to look out the window and see the bright, jiggly October day, the faint touch of frost in the air, the people walking with bounce in their steps, the whole street moving more briskly. John knew that Christmas was coming only by the extra demands the store made upon him.

When Elizabeth was announced, he had a moment of slight annoyance. Then he shrugged it off and told the girl to send her in. The minute she stood in the office he was glad. She brought some of the bright, frosty October day in with her. Her blue eyes danced, her step lilted, there were roses delicately etched on her cheeks. Before she spoke, John knew an instant of sheer appreciation. Elizabeth was all that any man had a right to expect in a wife—and more, too. She had stuck by him, nursed him, forgiven him, mothered his children, shared his love, forgotten his mistakes and applauded his triumphs. And every once in a while as now he was struck again by her beauty—the mature, settled beauty that a fine woman wears like an ever present garment.

"Hello, darling," he said. "You look good enough to eat." He got up and walked around the desk and took her in his arms.

Elizabeth pretended to push him away, but John could tell from the warm look on her face that she wanted him to kiss her. "In a business office!" she said.

"Come on down stairs, darling. We'll have a cup of tea. I need some time off."

"In a minute," Elizabeth said firmly. "I want to talk a little business first." She pushed him backwards, into the chair behind his desk, then sat down on the opposite side. "This is the way you sit when you talk business, isn't it?"

"Yes," John smiled. "Now what can I do for you, Mrs. Perry? Believe me, anything within my power is at the command of a woman with your beauty."

"So that's what business is like," Elizabeth laughed. "I should have gone into it myself."

"Moments like this are very rare, dear Mrs. Perry."

Elizabeth dimpled at John's teasing. He caught the flash of happiness and adoration that came with her smile and was mirrored an instant in her eyes.

"Seriously, John," she said, "I'm worried about Claire Bartlett."

"Claire Bartlett?" John repeated.

"You know," Elizabeth urged. "I was telling you about them. They've been having such a hard time. Harry's been out of work for almost a year."

"Oh yes," John said noncommittally.

"Poor Claire's been running a little book and gift shop," Elizabeth continued. "That one around the corner on Decatur Street, but it doesn't bring in much money and they do need more."

Elizabeth hesitated at John's continued silence. She sat down and John sensed her disappointment. He shook his head dubiously. "You mean you'd like me to see if there's something open here for her husband?"

"If—if you could," Elizabeth said, some of the eagerness back in her voice.

John shook his head. "I don't like to do those things," he said slowly.

Marianne's fresh young voice seemed to float about him. John listened—not moving, as Elizabeth quietly stood by his side, listening too.

Now, as a thrilling novelette by John Baxter, read the popular radio drama heard weekdays at 3:30 P.M., E.S.T., over the NBC-Blue network, sponsored by Hill's Cold Tablets and Edna Wallace Hopper. Illustrations posed by Erin O'Brien-Moore as Elizabeth, Joseph Curtin as John.

"You know I hire people for their ability and not because they know somebody—even you, darling."

"I do know, John." He liked the seriousness in her voice. "And I thought a long time before I came to you, and I wouldn't have mentioned it unless I were absolutely sure that Harry is the right kind of man."

"He hasn't shown it." John stirred restlessly, wishing he could end the discussion painlessly.

"No, but he hasn't ever had a good opportunity. The last few things he tried fizzled out through no fault of his, and I think it took some spirit out of him."

"Maybe," John said.

"And besides," Elizabeth went on, "Claire has a sister—much younger—whom she's keeping in music school in Chicago. Claire says she has a lovely voice, and unless Harry finds work, Claire will have to bring her back here."

John smiled. "It's such an old story, darling. I've heard it a hundred times."

Elizabeth's full mouth grew firmer. "Now, John, I won't let you dismiss this as just another hard luck story. These are good, fine people, and I intend to help them. If you won't listen to me, I'm going to ask Claire and Harry to dinner and you can see for yourself what Harry's like."

"All right, Elizabeth, by all means do that. . . . Now can we have our tea?"

"Yes." Elizabeth smiled again, and in spite of himself John's heart lifted.

Later that day, and in the succeeding days, John forgot about the Bartletts and their problems. It was not until he got home from the store the following Tuesday and Elizabeth mentioned they were expected for dinner that he remembered them.

Elizabeth slipped her arms around him in quick embrace and then ran to help Granny with the dinner. John went into the pleasant, wide living room with the big bay window fronting on the street. It was a small house, not really big enough for their family—little Carol and the baby, Joy, besides Elizabeth, Granny and himself—but John had liked this room ever since the previous year, when they had been forced to move from the big house on the hill. Sometimes he thought he liked this room better than any he'd ever been in. Then he realized that it was home to him. His books lined the walls, his pipes rested on the table, waiting for him, his family spent the day here. Yes, it was home. That was why he liked it.

"Carol baby!" he called.

"Daddy!" The soft, little-girl voice had scarcely died when Carol burst through the door from the kitchen. "Daddy, I'm helping Granny make soup." Her dress was spattered a rich tomato color.

John swung her up in his big arms. "Hullo, baby."

"I'm not a baby any more, Daddy. I'm a big girl."

John laughed. "All right, sugar-pie. No more baby. I'll put you right down. I'll never lift you again."

"Oh, you can lift me, Daddy, even if I am a big girl and have to watch out for Joy." Her voice was as light and sweet in John's ear as a bird's note.

Granny came in from the kitchen. "Bedtime, dear," she said, and bustled Carol off upstairs.

John looked after them, waving to Carol through the banisters. "She's a wonderful child," he said to Elizabeth, who had followed Granny into the room. He put his arm around her, and together they watched Granny bundle the little girl upstairs with much waving and calling good night. Then the Bartletts came and soon they were at dinner. He had to admit to himself that he liked them both.

"I may be an odd character." Claire said. "But I like the winter. The snow and cold make me thrive."

"There's nothing odd about that," John said. "I'm part Eskimo too, I believe."

Elizabeth laughed. "I can vouch for that. I have a hard time get-

ting him to put on an overcoat. John thinks he belongs in the Arctic."

"That leaves you and me, Elizabeth," Harry Bartlett said. "Maybe we should go to an island somewhere near the equator. Because I like the sun."

"It's a date," Elizabeth said.

John looked at Elizabeth. "I can't spare her, Harry," he said, and he thought as he said it how true it was. How much attached he had become to the settled, orderly life and love she gave him. He thought of the comfort and relaxation he felt when he sat in the big chair in the living room after dinner with a fire glowing slowly on the hearth, Elizabeth knitting or reading just where he could look up and see her without turning his head. And upstairs would be Carol and Joy asleep, and perhaps Granny, returned from one of her beloved movies, would come in and tell them about it. Then they would go upstairs to bed, and perhaps on the stairs he would put his arm around Elizabeth's waist and be able to tell by touching her that she loved him and he loved her.

JOHN brought his mind back to the dinner table just as Granny brought in the dessert. The conversation had shifted.

"She has a really good voice," Claire was saying. "It's a pity she can't go on studying. But then, you can't have everything, and Marianne is lucky in just being as pretty as she is."

"Your sister?" John said politely, but he had a sudden desire to change the subject. He knew all about Marianne. The story was very old—a youngster with a half formed talent becoming the vehicle for an older person's idle, half-forgotten dream of childhood. John drew Harry into a conversation, and found him open and engaging to talk to.

Later, when the Bartletts had gone, John stood in front of the bureau, taking off his tie.

"How did you like Harry?" Elizabeth asked.

"All right." John yawned.

"How much all right?"

"Well, I'm going to see what I can do for him. Is that all right enough, darling?"

"Of course it is, John. I'm so glad," Elizabeth said.

John put on his pajamas and climbed into bed. "We'll begin to take on extra help for the Christmas rush pretty soon. He should fit in."

Elizabeth threw open the window and stood for a minute in her bathrobe letting the cool breeze blow on her uplifted face. "It hardly seems possible winter's here again," she said.

"Uh huh." John had forgotten about winter and about Harry Bartlett. His mind whirled for a moment with plans for the next day—things to find out and things to do. Then gradually he sank down into sleep.

A week passed, slowly for the children and fast for John and Elizabeth, faster still for Granny. John sat down in his favorite chair after dinner, lit a match to his pipe, and crackled open the evening paper. It was good to be quiet and peaceful at home after the hectic day at the store. It came to him consciously as he began to read, how well off he was—not in money, but in other things that count for more. When Elizabeth came into the room he knew it at once, although he kept the paper up before his face.

Elizabeth sat down, and John sensed from her restlessness that she had something to say to him. "Let's have it," he said. "There's something on your mind."

"I met Claire's sister, Marianne, today. She just came back from

She was a sudden vision of delight. Here was no adoring child, John thought, but a lovely, desirable woman.

Chicago."

"Oh yes?" John said. "What's she like?"

Elizabeth got up and moved over to stand beside John's chair.

"As pretty as a picture, and very, very charming."

"Well," John joked. "We must have her over. Anyone as pretty as that deserves to have me know her."

"I'll make a bargain with you," Elizabeth replied. "If you'll get Harry that job, I'll have her right over."

John pushed the paper away from

him. "When you want something, you're completely unscrupulous, aren't you?" He reached up for her face and found her lips.

"It would mean so much to them if Harry could find something," Elizabeth murmured against his cheek. "Claire told me today that she had to sell their piano to pay the rent and lay in a decent stock in the store for Christmas. Now Marianne won't have any way to practice her music."

"That's a shame," John said, genuinely sorry. "I didn't realize they were that hard up. I'll find something for Harry tomorrow."

"Oh darling!" Elizabeth's joy was so colored with pride in him and thankfulness that John was immediately glad he had agreed.

"And John," Elizabeth added, "I told Marianne that she could use our piano to practice on if she wanted to." She said it quickly. John shrugged. "I don't suppose she will very often. What's the difference?"

"Oh no," Elizabeth said. "I was afraid she wouldn't take the offer seriously, so I made her promise to come every afternoon."

John looked over the top of the newspaper. "Do I have to listen to a female songstress?" he said.

"Not unless you want to," Elizabeth said. "You can please yourself about that."

"Okay then," John retired behind his paper. "But make it in the afternoon, when I'm at the office. I like to be quiet in the evening." He was half serious, half joking.

"We will," Elizabeth promised. "And do please try to find something for Harry."

"I will," John said. "I won't forget."

EARLY in the following week John got away early from the office and came home to rest a while before dinner. He knew that Marianne came to practice now every day, but he thought by five o'clock she would be gone. Driving home a little early, before the traffic had become heavy, gave him a wonderful sense of well-being. It was late October, and a light, early snow, soft and dreamy, had begun to fall. The street lights came on and made the snow sparkle as though set with diamonds. On the bare branches of trees the wet crystals clung thickly, so that the world seemed festooned. John drove slowly, enjoying every minute of it.

When he came into the house, he paused a moment in the vestibule, then closed the door gently. The fresh young voice seemed to float about him, to fill the house with the song. It ended; another began.

"Drink to me only with thine eyes—" Centuries ago Ben Jonson had dreamed a dream of a girl and love and a cup of wine—perhaps on such a night as this. He made the dream into words, and an unknown musician made it a song with sound and cadence.

John Perry listened—not moving. The dining-room door swung open and Elizabeth walked quietly to his side and stood with him, listening as he listened. Her hand found his and held it. The song ended and Marianne's head turned to the window. She sighed and stood up.

"I'm sorry you stopped." John touched the lamp switch. "You must be Marianne. Elizabeth said you had a nice voice."

Marianne was flustered. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Perry. I didn't realize it was so late. I intended to stop before you came."

"Nonsense," Elizabeth spoke for the first time. It was as though she had not been in the room until now. "I'm glad he heard you. Now he knows why I was so anxious to have you come here to practice."

"Elizabeth said you didn't like singing—especially women singers," Marianne said. She stood in front of the piano slowly gathering her music.

John saw her then for the first time—the sheer youth and vitality of her, the clear, warm color of her skin, the softly burnished hair. "I guess I was wrong," he said. "I like the way you sing."

"I'm so glad," Marianne said. John could see she was partly shy and partly proud to hear his praise. He found her coat, and helped her into it. Then she was gone.

After dinner John settled down again, but tonight he felt like talking. "There's a job at the store I think Harry Bartlett could fill," he said. "I'm getting in touch with him."

"I hope you do," Elizabeth said.

"And say, that girl can really sing. I was surprised. You don't even have to be a musician to know that."

"Yes," Elizabeth murmured. "I told you she had a nice voice."

"And she's very pretty," John added. "She ought to go far."

"Yes, if she has a chance, but there's not much opportunity for singers out here in the Midwest," Elizabeth said.

"She'll make it," John said, and he believed it.

Two days later he was able to place Harry as a stock clerk, and a week later he knew with gratification that Harry had made a go of it. He was fast and careful and accurate, the chief stock clerk told John. It (*Continued on page* 50)

THE STORY OF *Mary Marlin*

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Now, in beautiful album photographs, you can see as well as hear the lovable people who have brought you so many listening hours of happiness and romance

MARY MARLIN (right) is charming and feminine, but she is also clear-headed, courageous and the center of everything that happens in her community. When you first met her, she was mostly concerned with making a home for her husband, Joe, who was a young lawyer, and their son, Davey. Then Joe was elected to the U. S. Senate and shortly afterwards left on a mission to Russia, where he disappeared. Mary assumed Joe's position in the Senate. Since then, she has been courted by Rufus Kane, President of the United States, and David Post, Joe's old law partner. Mary has accepted David's proposal of marriage, believing that her husband is dead. Whatever happens, Mary's life will continue in a rich and exciting way.

(Played by Anne Seymour)

DAVID POST (left) is a kind, true friend of Joe and Mary Marlin. He has loved Mary for a good many years, but, out of loyalty to Joe, never mentioned this until all hope of Joe's return had been abandoned. On that fatal night when Joe returned, David asked Mary to marry him and told her of his love. Mary really thinks she loves David, but it's not the kind of love she had for Joe. She sees in David a sweetness and a dependability which are lacking in most men, and knows that he loves her and understands her as few people do. Whether or not David wins Mary, he will still go on loving her, still continue being the best friend she has ever had and the most considerate. He is a man to love, admire and respect.

(Played by Carleton Brickert)

Next Month! Read the complete story of Mary Marlin as a thrilling romantic novel

Tune in Mary Marlin weekday mornings and afternoons over the NBC-Red and the CBS networks, sponsored by Ivory Snow

RUFUS KANE (left) President of the United States, is a fine, capable man who has a great love for all people. Ever since Mary came to Washington he has been her constant companion and has learned a great deal from her inspirational conduct in times of stress. Mary, in turn, has imbued Rufus Kane with many of her political dreams, the ones she and Joe once shared. Rufus claims to love Mary and has been an ardent suitor for her hand, but Mary has told him that she does not feel toward him the way a wife should feel toward a husband. Rufus, however, has not given up hope that Mary will change her mind and is constantly showering her with attention. Mary has still kept to her plans about marrying David Post, but the fact that the whole country knows how Rufus feels about her is often embarrassing. Rufus is not a man easily cast side; he has a charming personality, a keen sense of humor and Mary is very fond of him. Then, too, not many young women can easily turn down the position of First Lady of the Land. Rufus is still sure that some day Mary will consent to be his wife.

(Played by Rupert La Belle)

SARAH JANE KANE (right) is the President's mother and, in lieu of a Mrs. Rufus Kane, is the mistress of the White House. Mrs. Kane is a sweet, simple woman who comes from a humble background, yet, because of her innate common sense and her graciousness, has made a great success of her job. She has, of course, great pride in her son and his accomplishments and there is a touching devotion between them. Of late, Sarah Jane Kane has not been in very good health, but, regardless of this and in spite of her son's warnings, she still manages to get around Washington on various social and humanitarian errands. She has a great affection for Mary Marlin and would like to have her as a daughter-in-law. Mary also loves Sarah Jane very much and often goes to her for advice and help. This sweet, lovable woman, getting on in years, is a symbol of greatness to the entire nation as well as those who know her well. Like her son, she is quick to speak out in defense of the poor and downtrodden. All who know her hope that she has a good many more years to live and to bring courage and help, not only to her son, but the millions throughout the nation who love and respect her.

(Played by Charme Allen)

JOE MARLIN is Mary's husband, a handsome, impetuous man, one whose ambition and brilliance catapulted him from a small town law practice into the United States Senate. When he was sent to Russia, his plane crashed and he was severely injured, suffering a temporary loss of memory. He was eventually able to find his way back home, only to hear his friend, David Post, proposing to Mary. He believed that Mary loved David and so he went to a friend's house who, at first, didn't know him because of the beard he grew in Russia and now keeps to hide his identity.

(Played by Robert Griffin)

ARNOLD, the only name he is known by, is Mary Marlin's butler. Arnold is inclined to be, at times, a little fussbudgety and short tempered, but he exerts considerable influence in the Marlin household. On many occasions, he has been a great source of help to Mary, who regards his advice highly. Arnold is more like one of the family than a butler and his life is not without romance. Anabelle Fairweather, Davy's nurse, idolizes him and would like to have him for a husband. Arnold has different ideas, but romance or not, his loyalty to Mary is unquestionable.

(Played by Robert White)

FRAZIER MITCHELL, a soft-spoken, gentle, aristocrat of the old school, is an old friend of Mary Marlin's. When he first met Joe and Mary he took a tremendous liking to them and backed Joe's senatorial campaign. During the last presidential election, he ran against Rufus Kane and was defeated, but took his defeat like a real gentleman. The big problem in Frazier's life is his young wife, Bunny, who often causes him worry. He has now retired to his estate just outside of Washington where he raises horses. Mary is very fond of him, and visits him often.

(Played by Fred Sullivan)

BUNNY MITCHELL, Frazier's wife, is a young, beautiful, vivacious woman. Bunny is likely to be flighty, but she has just become a mother, which may improve her temperament.

(Played by Templeton Fox)

Romance ON THE RUN

They're both in radio—but not at the same time. Joan plays Peggy in The O'Neills on NBC, Frank is Jarrod in Light of the World over NBC-Red.

He prayed to be saved from girls who wore bright hair ribbons—but now Joan Banks wears bigger and brighter ones and Frank Lovejoy, her husband, loves them!

BY JACK SHER

THE two trains, one headed North, the other traveling South, stopped for a few minutes in the station at Rye, New York. The commuters in the southbound train were startled by a young man who seemed, for the moment, to have gone a little berserk. He got up from his seat, tried to open the window and, failing this, began to pound on it, at the same time making frantic gestures.

A few seconds later, the commuters on the northbound train were amazed by the antics of a pretty, blonde-headed, blue-eyed girl, who suddenly sat up straight in her seat and began nodding her head and, as her train pulled out, blowing kisses at the young man in the window of the train across the way.

This incident occurred just a few weeks ago. The commuters are probably still wondering what it was all about. Perhaps some of the more romantic ones would like to know if the boy and girl, traveling on trains going in opposite directions ever did get together.

We could tell you whether they did or not, but that would be revealing too soon the outcome of one of the most amusing and romantic stories in radio. The young man's name is Frank Lovejoy and you hear him on such shows as Help Mates and Light Of The World. The girl is Joan Banks, who plays Peggy on the O'Neills and often stars on the Kate Smith show opposite such screen lovers as Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power and Charles Boyer.

Frank and Joan are actors, but they were not "putting on an act" that day on the train. The "key" to what was happening are the keys that Frank was jiggling. He might never have been jiggling those keys on the train that day if the girl, Joan, hadn't worn a bright, blue ribbon in her hair the day he first met her.

It was a day in January, 1940, and Frank came into a CBS studio to join the cast of a show called "This Day Is Ours." The star of the show was a certain Miss Joan Banks, who bounced into the studio a few minutes later wearing that bright, blue ribbon in her hair. "Please save me," Frank thought, "from coy, young things who wear ribbons in their hair." And, although he didn't say it, Joan felt his antagonism.

She had seen this Mr. Lovejoy just once before at a recording studio and had decided, on sight, that the tall, handsome, brown-eyed, young man was a decided wash out and she was completely unimpressed. Now, as she stood there being introduced to him—sensing his scorn—she thought very unkindly of casting directors. For, this was the young man with whom she was expected to fall in love! In the script, of course, but, even so!

Nothing (*Continued on page* 75)

Bob shouted, "Couldn't you have handled this better? I told you—"

She knew what she wanted of love—someone nearer her own age, handsome and gallant. But she forgot to look past her new husband's shining armor to the selfish human being underneath

Love

TURQUOISE-BLUE water foamed and danced under the sun by day, and by night the moon, so much larger than I had ever seen it before, threw a milky light everywhere, striking incandescent gleams from the waves. The ship glided over the sea like a huge swan, stopping now and then at a port where raw southern colors almost blinded our eyes. We'd go ashore, Bob and I, to hire a carriage or an automobile and ride through the strange, exciting streets, have luncheon in a shady courtyard where bronzed Indian girls waited on us with foods whose violent seasonings burned our tongues; then we'd return to the ship, with its luxury, its clean white decks and obsequious stewards, its soft music and dancing and big, beautifully-appointed rooms.

It was our honeymoon. Sometimes, waking late at night and hearing Bob's quiet, regular breathing by my side, feeling the warmth of his strong body under the covers, I thought of Martie and how wrong his unvoiced objections to our marriage had been. How could I help but be happy? I had the ecstasy of Bob's love. That would have been enough in itself. But also I had the assurance of a luxurious, gracious life—of money, position, security, everything that a girl who had worked, and worked hard, ever since she was sixteen could ask for.

Martie knew all this, but even at the wedding I had seen that quizzical look in his eyes which always said as plainly as words, "All right, Judith, have it your own way. You're making a mistake, but it's *your* mistake."

Always before, whenever he looked like that, he'd been right and I wrong. But this time, I said exultantly to myself, *I* was the one who was right—so beautifully, perfectly right.

Bob didn't like Martie, but then there were so many things Bob didn't know, couldn't understand. He didn't know how, after Mother died, when it was up to me to support my brother and sister, I'd worked in a five-and-dime store, spending all my noon hours in the Times Square district, trying to persuade booking agents to give me a job—any job, anywhere, so long as it was singing. It was hopeless, of course, and would have remained hopeless if one of the agents, friendlier than most, hadn't said:

"I can't use you, baby, but I've got a friend that thinks he'd like to manage a girl singer. I don't know why, but he does. I'll ask him up here and let you sing for him, if you want."

That was how I met Martin Reynolds. He didn't look like any Broadway agent or manager I'd ever seen—and that was natural enough, because he was a corporation lawyer who happened to love Broadway, the theater, night clubs, all the glamour and glitter of that strange thing called "show business." He was tall and spare, with a quiet way of talking. I never saw him angry or upset. He seemed to carry a detached, tolerant kind of amusement with him wherever

is Kind

THE TRUE DRAMA OF A RADIO SINGER

he went, whatever he did. He wasn't handsome, his features were too rugged for that, but he had the sort of face you'd never forget, once you'd seen it, full of character and purpose. When I met him he was thirty-one, which seemed ancient to my seventeen, and he had a dusting of white against the black of his hair.

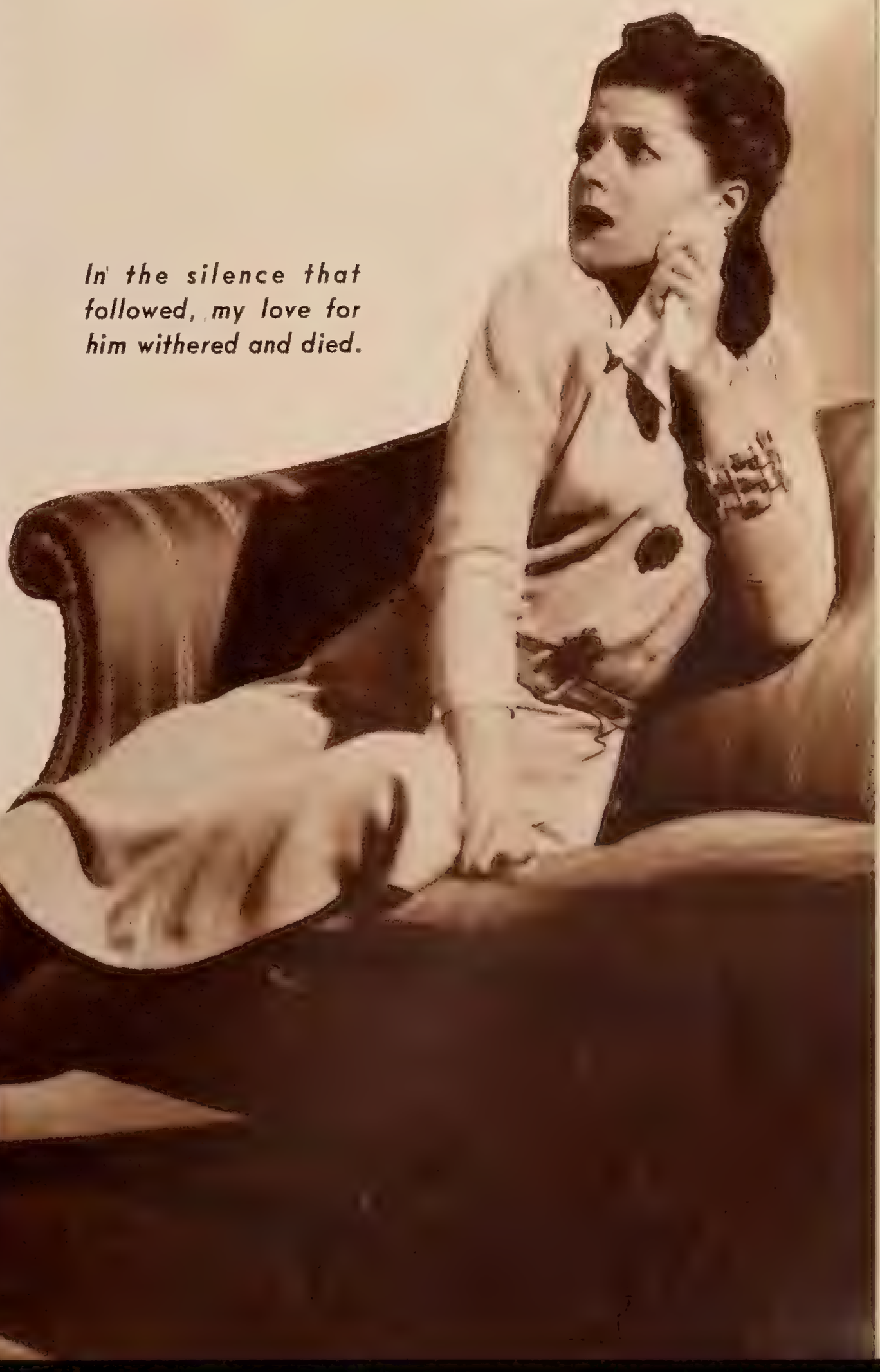
For five years after that first meeting in the shabby office of the agent, we were partners. Really partners. We trusted each other completely. Martie found jobs for me—and it was wonderful how, with his wide acquaintance along Broadway, he opened doors that I had knocked on in vain. He selected a singing coach for me and paid the bills out of his own pocket. He went with me to the hairdresser's and supervised the creation of a coiffeur that would frame my face most becomingly; and to stores where he led me away from the flashy dresses my immature fancy selected to others which were always subtly, flatteringly right. For every one of the dozens of details that go into making a career as a singer he had an answer.

And he made a success of me. I went on and on, from a third-rate night club to a second-rate one, from a guest appearance on the radio to a good sponsor and then a better one, from a part in a musical comedy to a one-picture Hollywood contract which Martie did not approve of, because he said I wasn't ready, and which turned out to be just as disastrous as he'd predicted. That set us back for a while, but not for long. Another musical-comedy part, a new radio contract at a higher figure, and we were on top of the wave again.

Oh, I knew what Broadway said about us, but I didn't care because it wasn't true, and because all the gossip was the result of simple jealousy. There never was a hint of love between us. Martie never even kissed me, and while I felt a deeper affection for him than for anyone in the world except Johnny and Norine, my brother and sister, it was as a person, not a man. I knew what I wanted from love—someone nearer my own age, handsome and gallant, who would dominate and adore me, give me everything and demand that I give him everything in return.

Someone like Bob Trayne.

I met him after the broadcast one night, in a group of people the sponsor had brought. He was tall as Martie, but there the resemblance ended. Blond hair above an incredibly clear bronzed face, white, even teeth when he smiled, broad shoulders that told you he'd been a star athlete in college, a manner toward women that was assured, yet full of deference . . . these were what I saw that first evening. And I fell in love with them.



In the silence that followed, my love for him withered and died.

I didn't find out until later that his family was wealthy and that Bob himself was regarded as one of the most brilliant and promising young men in Wall Street.

The morning after our meeting he telephoned me, and that night we had dinner together before my show, supper afterwards. The next day it was the same, and the next, and the next. It was as if I didn't live at all when I wasn't with him—I sang and talked to Martie and kept appointments without even thinking about what I was doing.

MARTIE saw what had happened, and one afternoon about two weeks after Bob and I had met he said something that shook me out of my dream, if only for a minute. The program I was singing on was due to go off the air in another month, and Martie had an offer from another sponsor.

"But I guess we'd better turn it down," he said—and stopped, eyeing me, waiting for what I would say.

"Turn it down?" I was puzzled. "Why? It's a marvelous offer."

"Marvelous," he agreed. "But I imagine you'll be retiring soon. After you're married."

I felt my cheeks grow warm. "I—I didn't know I was going to be married. Nobody has asked me yet."

"It looks to me as if somebody will, pretty soon. Or I don't know the signs when I see them. Didn't you go out to the Trayne place on Long Island last week-end to meet Bob's parents?"

"Well—yes," I admitted. "But that doesn't necessarily mean—"

"Oh, but it does," Martie said, smiling. "With someone like Trayne, it's practically the same as a proposal."

"Maybe they didn't like me," I objected. "Maybe they don't want their son marrying a radio and musical comedy singer."

"They're not *that* old-fashioned," Martie observed. "Besides, after you're married you won't be a singer any more."

Sometimes Martie's assumption that he knew how things would turn out was very irritating. I said, "I don't see why you say that. You don't know a thing about it, Martie Reynolds."

"Maybe not," he said. "But I'll bet Trayne asks you to marry him, and if you say yes, I'll bet you have a fancy society wedding and go on a cruise for a honeymoon and give up your singing and go to live in an expensive house in the suburbs."

He spoke humorously, but I couldn't meet his mood. "Martie," I said tremulously, "don't. I couldn't. After all you've done for me—all the money and time you've spent helping me get ahead—I couldn't quit now. Not just when I'm making enough to bring you something on your investment."

"That's nonsense! I never thought of you and your career just as a business proposition," he said sharply, frowning. Then the frown was gone and he went on, so quietly I forgot his momentary flash of vexation, "I mean, helping you has been a hobby with me. It was a gamble that paid out very well, that's all. You don't owe me a thing, and if your happiness should depend on giving up your singing—why, you go right ahead and give it up."

"But it won't," I answered. "I'm sure it won't."

Just the same, I reflected a little uncomfortably as I lay half-asleep beside Bob, hearing the steady throb of the ship's engines pushing us through the sea, everything had happened as Martie said it would—so far. Bob had asked me to marry him, and when I said yes he had simply taken it for granted that I would give up my career. He was right, of course. He made more than enough money, and I didn't have to support my brother and sister any longer. Norine was married to a trumpet player in a good dance band and Johnny had a job with one of the broadcasting stations. It was as Bob had said:

"I want to see something of my wife—I don't want to come home at night just when you're starting off to work. And—well," he looked embarrassed, "whenever you sing a song every fellow that hears you feels like you're singing for him. I wouldn't like that."

And I wouldn't have liked it either. I wanted all my songs to be for Bob, and Bob only.

I snuggled down deeper into my pillow and drowsily tried to envision my life as it would be when we returned from our honeymoon. It would be strange to live in the big house Bob had bought on Long Island, waited on by servants, meeting Bob's friends—those successful, well-dressed people who talked so familiarly of a world I didn't know. Strange—and yet delightful. Broadway and radio, their fierce competition and easy good-fellowship, seemed very far away.

But—as Bob turned in his sleep and his hand fell lightly on my arm—the way we were to live didn't matter, really. I could have been happy in a one-room hut, with Bob. The intensity of our love blotted out any other considerations. Being together was the only thing that mattered—wealth and comfort, the gorgeous wedding at the church, the long cruise to Rio and back, the home and the servants, were all only the icing on the cake.

Only one little thing happened to mar the perfection of the honeymoon. It was in Rio, where we were to have a whole week. A little stack of cables and radiograms was waiting for us at the hotel, from Bob's father and mother, his brother, his partner in Wall Street—and one for me, from Martie.

"Hello," it said. "Have a good time."

When Bob saw it he set his lips. Without any comment, he tossed the slip of paper down on the table and turned to look out of the window to the gay activity of the street below.

I knew as well as if he'd told me that he resented even this slight intrusion of Martie on our honey-

As soon as I saw Martie, I realized how terribly I had been missing him.

moon—that he was jealous of my old friendship, and that when we returned I must give Martie up entirely. For an instant I felt the injustice of this—but then I told myself that it only proved the depth of his love. He could not share me, not even a little.

I went over and linked my arm in his. "Let's go down and explore Rio before lunch," I said.

I forgot the look of cold, stubborn resistance that had come over his face when he saw the radiogram. I forgot it then, but I was to remember it later.

There's no point, really, in telling you very much about that first year of my marriage. It seemed at the time very uneventful—too uneventful. And yet things were happening —little things, taking place beneath the smooth surface of my life. I didn't even know of their existence until, inexplicably, another incident, as seemingly trivial as any of the others, showed my husband to me in a new light.

We had been to a Broadway theater, and in the crush of people, coming out after the performance, we met Mollie. She was an old beggarwoman into whose outstretched palm I had often put a coin in the days when I was a Broadway star myself. Now she recognized me, and smiled, and waited for Bob to give her some money. Instead, he brushed past her, holding me firmly by the arm so that I had to follow. "She's probably got as much as we have right now," he muttered.

To me, that wasn't the point, although I knew Mollie always had enough money to stake out-of-work actresses to their week's room-rent.

What hurt me was Bob's rudeness, the way he closed his mind to the feelings of others, even of his wife. From the theater we went on to a night club where Bob would spend many times the largest amount he could have given Mollie. I couldn't swallow the sandwich and wine he ordered for me, and pushed them away untouched.

BOB didn't seem to notice anything wrong. There were some people we knew at the night club, and his attention was taken up by them, particularly by a man named Harrison — a middle-aged man whose cruel, heavy-lidded eyes never smiled, although his voice was loud with forced joviality. I thought him one of the most repulsive people I had ever met.

He was with a much younger girl, an exquisite thing whose slim figure and rose-petal complexion were oddly at variance with the calculating, disillusioned expression that came over her face when she looked at Harrison. Before I could stop him, Bob had asked her to dance, and I was left with Harrison. He wanted me to dance too, but I pleaded a headache and refused. I couldn't stand the thought of being in his gross embrace.

Suddenly I hated the place—the bored, overdressed people capering on the dance floor, the too-loud orchestra, the taste and money lavished by people who knew their job on decorations which were hardly noticed, the poorly prepared food at ridiculous prices, the smoke, the liquor, the extravagance. I had been part of all this once—but I'd been one of those who really worked to supply the entertainment, and I realized that I must have built up in myself, without knowing it, a contempt for those wealthy people who frequented places like this.

But—no, I admitted honestly, it wasn't just the place that depressed me tonight. I kept thinking of the unpleasant incident at the theater, and from it my thoughts went back —back to moments in the months since we returned from our honeymoon.

The time when Bob came home to find that I had invited my sister Norine and her husband to dinner, and was so pointedly polite that they never came again . . . The night I first realized that Bob enjoyed having his masculine business friends see my beauty, enjoyed the knowledge that they envied him his possession of me. I had been flattered at the time. Now I was not so sure. . . . The long evenings when Bob, working late at the office, left me to dine alone (*Continued on page* 64)

West of Heaven

I GUESS it was because I was trying to escape my life that I met Larry and dragged him into it. If I hadn't heard his voice that night, soft and sort of drifting in the wind across the sea of waving grass in the twilight, you never would have heard it later, and one of radio's scandals would never have happened. Yet how can I look back and wish away that first evening.

I had ridden off from the ranch house just at sundown, driven by the urge to forget the scene inside which might as well have been 2500 miles east, with its clatter of wise smart talk. I rode until I lost myself on the wide plain, letting my horse take me where he would, the reins hanging loose while I took my last deep breaths of the cool freshness of the wind that swept down from the mountains. Tonight I would fill my lungs full enough of the curiously pungent resinous fragrance of the Western air to last me through another stifling New York season. Tonight I would etch into my memory the changing gray-green of the willow trees that outlined the meandering pattern of the creek in the valley below. I would keep this last night and hold it against the horrid harshness of my New York life. When the low husky notes first came to me, they were just another part of the lovely night.

Fictionized from the radio script, "A Little Bit West of Heaven," by Roger Quayle Denny, broadcast on the Stars Over Hollywood program.

"Let cattle rub my tombstone round
And coyotes mourn their kin;
Let horses come and paw my mound,
But don't you fence me in!"

There was a warning in the last words, but I didn't hear it then. I remembered it afterward, though, when it was too late. Now I was not thinking, just feeling the magic of that deep, soft voice, so gentle, so surely kind, for even in Larry's singing you could imagine you heard a sort of decent dignity.

For a moment when he had finished there was only the slow firm step of my horse's hooves on the turf, and the faint creaks of my saddle. Then his shout came, startled and startling: "Hello!"

I spurred my horse forward and saw the tall figure standing at the edge of the bluff, his ten-gallon hat under his elbow. "Hello," I answered.

His blue eyes rested on me steadily, what looked like a kind of surprised wonder in them. Suddenly I felt shy, felt the need to fill the silence in the dusk between us. "I —I'm lost," I said, breathless for no reason.

"That's soon fixed," he said in a comfortable, easy drawl that would make you hand your life right over into his hands. "Where you bound?"

"The Bar X Dude ranch on Gopher Creek," I told him, suddenly ashamed of the address. He'd think I was just another foolish chattering Easterner. And yet I couldn't help talking on. "I guess I sort of lost track of time. It's so beautiful here—"

He didn't answer. It was almost as if he didn't hear me. The way he looked at me was queer, as if he had to keep on studying until he found out something about me. I asked inanely, "Do you come here often?"

He nodded, still not speaking. I couldn't stand that look. My cheeks burned and I was glad of the dusk to hide their silly quick color. "I

If I hadn't heard his voice that night, drifting into the deepening twilight, one of radio's scandals would never have happened —and I would never have found my love

Carlotta paused abruptly in her packing. "Hmmm. Not bad singing," she said calculatingly.

should think you would," I babbled. "I—I'd like to stay here forever."

"Would you?" he asked quickly.

"Why—yes." And it was true.

"That's funny," he said thoughtfully.

"Why?"

"Well . . ." His gentle voice hesitated. "That's an idea I've had myself for quite a spell."

"You mean you're planning to buy this spot?"

"Not planning," he said with a wistful kind of chuckle. "Just pipe dreaming."

I looked around me again. The dusk had deepened, darkening the mountain to a velvet pansy purple, making it seem to float in the golden atmosphere around it. Imagine seeing the changing moods of that mountain through all your days, waking up to it each morning, looking up from your work to refresh tired eyes and spirits, watching the sun set behind it from your own doorstep! I sighed, thinking of the life to which I had to return tomorrow. I asked hastily, "I'm all turned around. Where is this spot?"

"A little south of Cheyenne," he began, then broke off with his shy, laugh, diffident yet confiding. "And a little west of heaven."

"You mean because it's hard to get?"

"I reckon that's it." He shrugged his wide shoulders. "How would a cowboy come by $5,000?"

Funny, but the answer didn't occur to me at all. It took Carlotta for that. Things always happened fast when Carlotta came into the picture. For that matter, I guess they started happening fast before that, even on the slow ride back to the ranch with Larry. It wasn't that we said much, just the expected things like my telling him my name was Melody Blane. I rejoiced foolishly when he did not make the usual joke about it but just told me his own name, Larry Smith, and that he was one of the hands at the ranch where we were staying. And he sang some more, the same songs that were to make all the trouble, and still I didn't wake up to what would happen when I introduced him to my boss.

I want to be fair to Carlotta Birch. You have to know more about her than just the things she did, to un-

derstand her. In the Red Hook district of Brooklyn where she grew up, a child doesn't grow up at all without learning early to grab—and grab quick. That's how she got where she was when I became her secretary—in the biggest talent agency in Radio City, with her name on the door.

Don't get the idea that these methods lessened her attractiveness as a woman. They didn't. There was something compelling about her very ruthlessness. She had an amazing power over people. I felt it myself so that I slaved for her. But with men she was devastating. When they looked into her snapping black eyes they forgot about insipid qualities like beauty. Maybe the scientists would say it was simply a tremendous charge of physical vitality, but whatever it was, it worked. I had never seen it fail, yet I was foolish enough, that night, to hope it would not work on Larry Smith. What a hope!

The lights from the ranch twinkled below us like dusty stars as we came up over a gently rolling slope. I wanted to hold back, to keep this moment, but our horses began stepping quickly and soon we were back in the circle of light from the main house. Carlotta was standing indolently on the porch as we walked back from the stable.

I knew the minute I introduced Larry that I should have found some way to avoid this meeting. Her quick shrewd glance traveled up his six feet of easy strength to rest for an instant with pleasure on his tanned face with its deep-cleft lines of laughter around the blue eyes. Then she was smiling her acknowledgment of my introduction.

Based on the radio play by Roger Quayle Denny, broadcast on the Stars Over Hollywood show, heard over CBS., Saturdays at 12:30 P. M., E. S. T., sponsored by Dari-Rich.

Yet she said nothing more than "Hello," and when she turned and went on into the house I caught my breath in relief. I excused myself and followed her, leaving Larry on the porch lighting a cigarette—a parting as casual as our meeting had been. I went to work in our suite in a sort of dazed dream, mechanically typing out the last of the letters Carlotta had dictated to me, while she packed her exquisite fragile white lingerie which she would let no maid touch.

IN ONE of the pauses of my typing we heard the last notes of a song, a burst of applause and then the low, soothing hum of another brief chorus. Larry was still downstairs, singing now for the bored, idle ranch guests I had seen sitting around the huge open fireplace. He was singing in the same tender, unself-conscious manner as when I heard him first out on the range when he had thought himself alone.

"I rode across a valley range
I had not seen for years . . ."

Carlotta stopped with a web of intricate lace in mid-air, and did not move nor speak until he finished the final words with their ominous threat:

"But don't you fence me in!"

"Hmmmm. Not bad singing." Carlotta's tone was calculating.

"Not bad!" I exclaimed involuntarily. "Why, it's far more than singing. It's the voice of the West. When you hear it you can see the great plains of Wyoming and the purple mountains; you can smell the sagebrush and the poplars—"

"Well!" Carlotta's amusement woke me from my daze. "If this guy can make our little untouched Melody go poetic over him, he's got something none of our other talent ever had. Maybe I'd better take back what I said about not signing any more singing cowboys."

I jumped. "Oh, Carlotta, you're not—"

"Why not?" she snapped briskly. "Take down that phrase you used. What was it—'the voice of the West' and the rest of it. I'm going to have myself a little talk with your Larry Smith."

"Oh, no. Please—"

She turned and stood looking back at me with her gamin grin. "What is this, child?"

"It's just—" I floundered miserably, trying to figure out exactly what I did mean. "I don't know, but he doesn't belong in New York—in radio. It would ruin him. He belongs here. He wouldn't fit into your—our kind of world."

She laughed. "Oh, yes, he'll fit. When we're through with him."

Helplessly, I watched her dart out the door. I typed furiously to keep from hearing what she would say. I could imagine the startlingly forthright opening that had caught many a far more sophisticated man off guard and swept him inevitably along into agreement with her plans before he realized where he was heading. It always worked.

But this time it must not work! I found myself suddenly full of determination to block Carlotta's game. It was my duty. This was just a naive, honest, friendly guy, completely vulnerable to her practiced routines. He had no idea what he was up against, and I did. How could I stand by and see her take his life, as she had taken so many others, and wring from it every drop of profit and then toss it away, useless for everything that had mattered to him?

I gathered up my signed letters, dashed with them to the rustic mailbox on the veranda, then ran to stand in the dim light of the French windows of the great pine-paneled living room.

The crowd had thinned out. Only a few determined bridge players still sat near the roaring flames of the huge stone fireplace. That meant Larry had left. I ran down the dusty path to the corral. I thought I saw the outline of a tall figure standing beside a horse as I came near, but nothing moved. I slowed my steps. When I reached him, what could I say? I couldn't come dashing up like a breathless schoolgirl and stammer out that he must beware of Carlotta's wicked wiles.

As I hesitated, I heard Larry's laugh. It was shy, low, husky with an embarrassment that was boyish and—lovable. "Thank you kindly," he said, "but I guess I can't take all that in one dose. Eastern folks may move a lot faster than we do out here, but I still don't figure any woman would fall for me that fast—"

"Darling, listen." Carlotta's voice was pleading, urgent, and she was standing so close to him that their silhouettes almost merged into one. "You come with me and I'll show you!"

He said slowly, his voice a shade roughened, "If I thought I could hope—" He broke off, began again. "How can you know a thing like this—so soon?"

She said, "You don't need time to know a thing like that. It's just like the way I felt when I heard you singing. To me you were the voice of the West (*Continued on page 79*)

Rudy Vallee

Orchestra leader, radio star, talent scout, movie actor, song writer (his latest composition is RADIO MIRROR'S *hit of the month), rich man, bachelor. No longer a crooning saxophonist, but a solid citizen of Hollywood, happy owner of a new seventeen-room California house, with a "for-sale" sign tacked on the door of his famous Maine lodge—dead symbol of his jazz career. More proud of his private den than of newspaper clippings, of his recordings of the world's great musical classics than of jive. Strongest desire: to be an actor accepted by the critics. Reason he might succeed: coaching by John Barrymore with whom he shares honors on the Vallee Sealtest radio broadcast every Thursday night on NBC.*

Every Hour Of The Day

From dawn till dark you'll be humming this new hit tune by an expert in hit tunes—Rudy Vallee, who plays it on his Thursday night program on the NBC-Red

Lyrics by
DICK MACK

Music by
RUDY VALLEE and ELIOT DANIEL

From the time that the roos-ters start a crow-in' 'till the time that the star-light is a

glow-in' From the mo ment day's be-gun from the dawn till set-ting sun Dar-ling, I love

you From the time that the day-light starts a stream-in' till the time that the can-dle-light is

gleam-in' When the sun is rid-ing high, and the moon is in the sky Dar-ling I love

Copyright 1941 by Rudy Vallee, Dick Mack and Eliot Daniel

you The bir-dies and the bees hum hap - py mel- o - dies they're hap-py be-cause they

know The flow-ers and the trees are a - sway-in' in the breeze and whis-per-ing I love you

so From the time that the farm - er starts his hay - in' till the time that he's done with eve-ning

pray - in' As the min-utes fade a - way EV - 'RY HOUR OF THE DAY dar - ling

1 2

I love you. From the you.

WOMAN OF Courage

THE STORY:

EVER since Jim Jackson was crippled in a fall from the scaffold of a house he was building, Martha's greatest problem had been to keep alive in him the will to live. Her other worries—earning a living for Jim and herself and their two children—often seemed unimportant compared to this much more difficult task. For Jim was moody, embittered by his helplessness, only half convinced that Martha, in spite of her steadfast loyalty, could really love the wreck of a man he felt himself to be.

With what money she could scrape together, Martha converted the front part of their home into a neighborhood grocery store, and took in a lodger, faithful George Harrison, who after a time could not hide his hopeless love for her. By saving every penny, Martha even managed to send Jim to an expensive sanitarium, where for a while it seemed he might be cured. But when he returned home, the doctors told Martha their hopes of seeing him walk again would never come true. Martha kept the news from Jim, for his belief that he would get better had already made a new man of him. But her plans to help him over the inevitable disappointment when he learned the truth were shattered. Coming home one evening after leaving Jim alone with his sister, Cora, she was horrified to hear him demand that she divorce him.

MARTHA stared. She was aware that she looked silly, standing there, but she couldn't move.

She forced herself to take a deep breath. She forced herself to put down her hat and turn around, as though these simple, normal actions could inject some sanity into what was going on.

"What did you say, Jim?" she asked quietly.

"I said I want you to divorce me," Jim repeated.

Martha's first thought was that he was making a terribly ill-conceived joke. She looked at him. He didn't look like that. He looked unhappy.

Suddenly, Martha noticed Cora's knitting on the sofa. Cora must have been very upset to have forgotten her knitting, Martha thought. And then, she knew.

"When did Cora leave?" she asked. "What did she say to you?"

Jim's face colored hotly. "Cora didn't say—"

Jim's sudden words robbed Martha of all power to move. She could not even breathe.

"Yes, she did," Martha said. "She's told you what Dr. Ryan said. She knew you weren't supposed to know, but—"

"That's right!" Jim interrupted angrily. "She refused to treat me like a child—like the rest of you—"

Martha passed a trembling hand

It was his fierce pride that made Jim demand a divorce—and Martha knew this, but it did not lessen her heartache. How could she convince him that all his doubts of her were mistaken, and that she had never stopped—never would stop—loving him?

Read Woman of Courage as a moving love story, then tune it in daily, Monday through Friday, over the CBS network, sponsored by Octagon Soap in the East, Crystal White in the West. Photographic illustrations posed by Esther Ralston as Martha, Albert Hecht as Jim, Horace Braham as George.

over her eyes. So, now Jim knew that he would probably never walk again. She couldn't even be angry with Cora. She knew Cora had only done it because she loved her brother. And, in a way, it was a relief not to have to pretend any longer.

"But, Jim," Martha said softly, "a divorce. Why? Why?"

Jim's face tightened and his eyes flashed with something that was almost hate.

"You think I need you! But I don't need you!" he almost shouted at her. "I don't need anyone."

"Darling," Martha begged, "listen—"

"I want you to divorce me," Jim said stubbornly. "I don't care to discuss it any further." Quickly, he wheeled himself across the living room and into the downstairs room that had been his, ever since his accident.

Martha ran after him. She had no idea what she could say, but she felt she mustn't let him go like that.

"Jim, please," she said. "We must —let's talk this out."

Jim turned to her from inside his room. "There is nothing to talk about," he said coldly. Then, calmly, with terrible deliberation, he closed the door quietly in her face.

Martha stood there stunned. She could have understood, if he'd slammed the door. But this cold, deliberate shutting her out had a finality about it that froze her heart.

Mechanically, Martha locked the doors and put out the lights. She went upstairs and lay down on her bed, fully clothed. She had no energy for anything. It was as if something had died inside her.

He wanted a divorce! She could understand everything but that. She could understand that he was shocked. She could have understood, if he'd gone to pieces, if he'd hated her for her deception, if he'd abandoned himself to despair. But a divorce!

The tears came and Martha buried her face in her pillow to smother the sound of her weeping. For twenty years, she had been building what she thought was a perfect marriage, with love and devotion and understanding. And she had always thought that she had succeeded, that their love would weather any trial. But she had been wrong. Now, when Jim needed her and when she wanted—no, needed—to prove how deep her love for him was, he turned from her. He wanted to cast her out of his life.

When daylight streaked into her room and brought Martha's thoughts back from the helpless muddle into which a night of tortured soul searching had put them, Martha got up from her bed, wearily. She changed her rumpled clothes and washed, automatically. Then, she went downstairs and started breakfast.

Somehow, the sunny kitchen, the smell of the coffee and the sound of the sizzling bacon—all this, so normal and sensible—made the events of the night before even more incredible. Lucy and Tommy, their faces fresh and bright, came bounding down the stairs, drawn by the smell of food.

"Dad's late, the lazy bones," Lucy said. "I'll get him." And before Martha could stop her, she had danced out of the room. In a moment, she was back. "He says he doesn't want any breakfast," she said. "Doesn't he feel well?"

"I—perhaps that's it dear," Martha said. She turned to the boy. "Tommy, I'd like you to dust the store shelves before you go to school."

"Sure," Tommy said, attacking his eggs.

Lucy eyed her mother curiously. Martha did her best to behave normally. She even tried to eat her breakfast. Tommy gulped down his milk and piled his dishes in the

sink dutifully. Lucy waited until he had closed the door behind him, then she turned to Martha.

"Mother," she said quietly, "what is it?"

Martha looked at her daughter. There was no point in trying to hide anything from those bright, young eyes.

"Last night," Martha said, "your father asked me to divorce him."

FOR a moment, Lucy looked as though she were going to laugh. Then she said, "I don't believe it. Why?"

Martha had no answer for that. In a whole, sleepless night, she had found no answer to that. But she did her best to explain to Lucy what had led up to Jim's decision.

"That Aunt Cora!" Lucy said angrily. "She never knows when to mind her own business. What did she have to tell him for?"

"You mustn't blame her," Martha said. "She was only doing what she thought was right."

"That's the trouble," Lucy cried. "Aunt Cora's always doing something cruel and mean for someone else's good."

"Lucy!"

Martha and Lucy started. Cora was standing in the back door, her face pale and pinched.

"What do you mean by that, Lucy?" Cora asked.

"You know what I mean," Lucy flared out, shaking off Martha's restraining hand. "You had to tell Dad that he'll never get well. And now he wants Mother to divorce him," Lucy cried. Suddenly, she covered her face with her hands and ran blindly from the kitchen.

"Martha," Cora whispered brokenly, "you don't think—"

"No, Cora," Martha said. "I don't think you suspected this would happen. I understand." Cora's lips were trembling. "Here, sit down. I'll give you some coffee."

"I—I couldn't help it, Martha," Cora said softly. "He talked and talked about what he was going to do when he could walk again—and—I couldn't bear it."

Cora began to cry, quietly. Martha patted her thin shoulder and went silently about her work in the kitchen.

"Oh!" Jim said from the doorway. "I thought you had all finished breakfast."

Martha watched him dumbly. He was turning his chair to go away. Cora jumped to her feet.

"Jim Jackson!" Cora cried. "You wait and listen to me, now!" She strode to his side and grasped his shoulder. "What's this nonsense about a divorce? How can you be such a fool?"

"It's not nonsense," Jim said calmly. "I've made up my mind, Cora."

"You've lost your mind," Cora said. "Where will you go? How will you live?"

"I'll find someplace to live," Jim said quietly. "As for money—now that I know Dr. Ryan's treatments are useless, I can use the money I earn from my carving to live on. It'll be plenty for a cripple." Martha could see what an effort it cost him to say the word.

"And what about Martha?" Cora asked angrily.

Jim caught his breath. But he pulled himself together quickly enough. "Martha?" he said gently, almost with clinical detachment. "Martha will be better off without me. Martha's an attractive woman. She's young enough to marry again and find some happiness with a man she can respect and love, someone who can take care of her and Lucy."

He hadn't even looked at Martha. He was talking as though she weren't there.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried. "Don't—don't—"

The bell in the store tinkled.

"There's someone in the store, Martha," Jim said.

"I don't care," Martha said. "This is more important. Jim, please—let's talk this over. I'm sure we can—"

"There's someone in the store, Martha," Jim repeated firmly. And the next minute, he had wheeled himself back to his room and closed the door.

Martha had no idea how she got through that morning. She waited on customers and made change and wrapped packages, almost mechanically, without ever once being conscious of what she was doing. And all the while, her mind was on Jim.

By four in the afternoon, she was worn out from her sleepless night and the nervous strain of her day. She was sitting behind the counter of the momentarily empty store, with her head in her hands, when Lillian bustled in.

"Guess what, Martha!" Lillian shrilled. "I got a card from George Harrison in California. He sends his regards to everyone. But I suppose you got a card, too. Or a letter? Martha, did you hear from George?"

"I—" Martha gathered herself together. "Maybe. I haven't looked at the mail, yet. I've—been too busy."

"Martha!" Lillian exclaimed. She narrowed her eyes and peered at her sister. "What on earth's the matter?"

George took her hand. "Martha, you haven't heard a

"I'm just tired," Martha hedged.

"You've been crying," Lillian said.

And, because she knew it was better to let Lillian know than to parry her question, Martha told her everything.

"Well, good riddance, I say," Lillian observed.

"Don't you dare say such a thing!" Martha flared up. Her temper was wearing very thin, by this time. "I love Jim. And nothing can ever change that."

"More fool you," Lillian said, stalking to the door.

Several times in the next days, Martha tried to approach Jim, without success. He had built a wall of silence and unhappiness about him, through which it was impossible to break. He rarely left his room and he wouldn't let anyone but Tommy do anything for him. Martha didn't know what to do, where to turn. Lucy avoided her father, the confusion of her torn loyalties being too much for her. Martha went about her duties, more or less evading Jim, for fear he would mention the divorce, ask her what she was doing about it. And she would be unable to answer him.

Then, one afternoon, the bell in the store rang and Martha looked up and it was George Harrison. Her first impulse was to run to him and cry out her heart on his shoulder.

"Hello, Martha," George smiled and put out his hand.

"It's good to see you, George," Martha said, governing her impulse. Strange, she thought, that just having him there made her feel better, safer. "Did you have a nice vacation?"

"Fine," George said. And he started to tell her of the places he'd been and the things he'd done.

word I've said. Something's wrong. Can't I help?"

MARTHA wasn't listening to his words. Vaguely, she heard his voice and found comfort in it. Suddenly, it occurred to her how much she had missed him. She saw then, that without knowing it, she had come to depend very heavily on George for sympathy, for understanding, for kindness. And it seemed strange, yet somehow right, that he was always there when she needed him.

"Martha, you haven't heard a word I said," George grinned.

"Oh! Oh, yes, George," Martha said quickly.

He took her hand. "Something's wrong, Martha," he said gently. "Maybe I can help. Don't you want to tell me?"

Martha looked at him gratefully. But she couldn't tell him. He couldn't help her in this. It wouldn't be fair to ask him, knowing that he loved her.

"No," Martha said. "Nothing's wrong."

"I see," George said. He smiled into her eyes and she knew he understood.

The door from the house opened and Jim wheeled himself into the store. He hadn't been near Martha for days. Now, he had come in of his own accord. Martha's heart beat faster. Maybe he had changed his mind!

"Jim!" George exclaimed, going back to him. They shook hands heartily. "You're looking fit. It's wonderful to see you people again."

"It's good to see you, too," Jim said. His lips were smiling, but his eyes were sharp, speculative. They darted quickly from George to Martha and back again.

And Martha, watching him, knew what he was thinking. He was thinking that she and George—that with him out of the way! Martha wanted to cry out in protest. There was a short, heavy pause. George regained his composure first.

"How about coming down to the Tavern with me, Jim?" he said. "We'll have a glass of beer to celebrate my return."

Martha expected Jim to refuse, but he didn't. He even allowed George to push his wheelchair through the store and out to the street.

Jim stayed out so long that Martha worried for fear that something had happened to him. But, when she saw him wheeling himself down the street, sitting more erect than he had for weeks, her heart bounded with hope. Maybe he had talked to George and George had cleared things up.

But she was wrong. Jim stopped in the store for only a moment. "Martha," he said, "you haven't started divorce proceedings."

"No," Martha admitted. "I thought—I hoped you'd—"

"I haven't changed my mind," Jim said. His eyes were cold and distant.

There was no evading the issue, Martha thought wildly, searching for words that would postpone action.

"You must see a lawyer," Jim went on.

"What will I tell him?" Martha asked.

"Tell him it was cruelty—mental cruelty."

"But Jim," she objected helplessly, "no judge would believe that. Everyone here knows you, knows all about you and that you couldn't be cruel."

"Well, let the lawyer find some other reason," Jim said, turning and wheeling himself into his own room.

Not because she hoped any longer that waiting would change Jim's mind but (*Continued on page* 69)

Double

Too often neglected are the delicious "variety meats." Upper left, kidney stew, upper right, kidneys en brochette, and above, brains with black butter sauce.

By Kate Smith

Radio Mirror's Food Counselor

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, both on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

UPPERMOST in every woman's mind this winter as she runs her household in the most efficient manner is the problem of a food budget. Defense of nation has meant defense in the kitchen; recipes must serve a dual purpose—they must call for new, delicious foods and they must point the way to save money.

That is why I became so excited about a friend's wonderful method of making use of every left-over scrap from the day's meals. Actually it is a modern, American version of the traditional French soup pot. This friend of mine keeps a large container in her ice box and into it, after every meal, she puts all the left-over food. For instance, say you are having hamburger steak with onions, potatoes and squash for dinner. When you've cooked the potatoes and squash, you pour the liquid off them into the ice box container. After the dinner is over, add to the container all the small left-over portions of potatoes, squash, onions and hamburger with its gravy. The next day you will have a delicious, thick, nourishing soup to serve for lunch or dinner. That night, you will again add the liquid from the freshly cooked vegetables, along with the left-overs of the vegetables themselves, and whatever else you served for your dinner. That will mean a third day's thick soup. Don't hesitate to add to this "soup pot" even such casserole dishes as macaroni and cheese. All kinds of vegetables can be used, bones from roasts (or simmered and their liquid used), even salad ingredients such as tomatoes, celery, parsley and even watercress and chopped celery leaves, for flavor, along with herb seasonings such as thyme, basil, sage, savory, marjoram or rosemary. When meats or gravies have been added, excess fat should be skimmed off the next day before the soup is heated. A new kettle with fresh ingredients should be started about every third day.

If you've cherished the belief that things which are good for you are dull to eat, you have been passing up excellent ways of serving delicious foods at a minimum of cost. It is these "variety" meats which I am going to recommend to you this month as an ideal way of saving money and giving the family—and yourself—something new. Meats such as liver, heart, kidneys and brains, which are rich in vitamins and minerals, are also highly prized by gourmets.

Brains with Black Butter

1 set calf's brains
2 tbls. vinegar
4 tbls. butter
1 tsp. minced parsley
Pinch salt
Dash pepper

Duty MEALS

For those meatless days try this tempting dish of baked fish fillets—a new recipe to delight everyone.

Wash brains in cold water, remove skin, arteries and membranes and soak for one hour in cold water to cover. Drain, cover with boiling water, add 1 tablespoon vinegar and simmer very slowly (fast cooking will make brains fall apart) for 15 to 20 minutes. Blanch by plunging into cold water, then drain. Break into segments or slice in half and pan-fry lightly for 5 minutes, using just enough butter to prevent sticking. Serve with black butter, made by cooking remaining butter over low flame until black but not burned, then adding remaining vinegar, together with salt, pepper and parsley.

Kidney Stew

1 doz. lamb kidneys
2 medium onions, cut fine
1 bay leaf
¼ tsp. salt
Dash pepper
¼ lb. mushrooms (optional)
1 tbl. minced parsley
1 scant tbl. flour

Skin kidneys (your butcher will probably do this for you if you ask him to), cut in thin crosswise slices, cover with cold water and bring slowly to boil. Drain and throw water away. Return kidneys to cooking pot, pour on sufficient cold water barely to cover, add onion, bay leaf, salt and pepper and simmer very, very slowly for one hour. (If you use mushrooms, they should be sliced and added at the end of the first half hour of cooking.) Thicken to desired consistency with flour and add parsley. If desired, just before serving add tomato catsup, sherry wine or Worcestershire sauce to taste.

Kidneys en Brochette

½ doz. lamb kidneys
¼ lb. mushrooms
6 slices bacon
1 tbl. melted butter
Salt and pepper to taste

Skin kidneys and cut crosswise into "bite size." Alternate kidney, mushroom and cross-slices of bacon on long skewers. Brush with melted butter, add salt and pepper and broil, turning frequently, until kidneys are brown and tender (about 15 minutes).

Beef kidney may be used the same as lamb kidney, but the cooking time will be almost twice as long.

Baked Fish Fillets

1½ lbs. fish fillets (haddock, flounder, etc.)
3 tbls. butter
3 medium onions
¼ tsp. salt
Dash pepper
Dash mace
Juice of one lemon
½ wineglass sherry or white wine

Slice onions in thin rings and saute lightly in butter until golden but not brown. Make a bed of half the onions in bottom of baking dish, place fish fillets on top, and cover with remaining onions. Sprinkle with salt, add pepper and dust lightly with mace. Add lemon juice and wine and bake at 350 degrees until fish is tender and brown on top (12 to 18 minutes), depending on thickness of fillets. If preferred, omit lemon juice and wine and substitute milk for liquid.

Baked Stuffed Heart

1 beef heart
6 slices bread (stale or toasted)
⅛ tsp. sage
⅛ tsp. rosemary
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
2 tbls. shortening
2 medium onions, chopped fine
½ cup chopped celery leaves
½ cup boiling water
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
2 tbls. lemon juice
1 can mushroom or tomato soup

Wash heart in cold water, remove any hard parts and soak in cold water to cover for one hour. Drain, cover with boiling water and parboil slowly for 30 minutes, drain again. For stuffing, roll bread into coarse crumbs and combine with dry seasonings. Saute onion and celery lightly in shortening, add boiling water, lemon rind and juice and combine with dry mixture. Place heart in buttered casserole, pour on soup and bake, covered, at 350 degrees F. until tender (about 2 hours).

Thick, nourishing soup, any time you want it, comes out of the "Soup Pot." And it takes care of left-overs.

Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

It took a popular song to skyrocket bandleader Tommy Tucker to stardom, and here he is talking it over with Mitzi, his wife. Left, Tommy's vocalist, Amy Arnell, takes off her shoes when she sings.

Fifteen-year-old Marilyn Jean Miller sings with Kenny Gardner on Guy Lombardo's show on CBS, Saturday nights.

AFTER a tour of the east and midwest, Kay Kyser is back on the west coast for a six-month stretch which will include work on the new RKO movie, "My Favorite Spy." One of the reasons the "professor" should be glad to be back in Hollywood is that his ex-vocalist, Ginny Simms, is out there, originating her solo CBS shows.

* * *

The Jan Savitts are the proud parents of a baby girl. Incidentally, Jan has re-hired his colored swing singer, Bon Bon.

* * *

Helen O'Connell has sufficiently recovered from her appendectomy to resume her vocal duties with Jimmy Dorsey.

* * *

Have you noticed how improved the musical selections of your favorite bandleaders have been since the ASCAP settlements?

* * *

Following the Harry James and Artie Shaw trends, Charlie Barnet plans to add a string section to his band early in 1942.

* * *

Teddy Powell was doing splendidly at Rustic Cabin, a Jersey roadhouse. The crowds were enthusiastic. The network wires were plentiful. Then the place burned down, taking with it a good portion of Powell's music library and many band instruments.

* * *

That Benny Goodman keeps on making news. No sooner had he added Sid Weiss to his band as the new bass player, than he started to experiment with a quartet consisting of piano, drums, trombone and clarinet. This wasn't enough to keep him busy so he started to make plans for another concert engagement, when he pulls out of the Hotel New Yorker in January. Off the bandstand Benny is busy putting his new Connecticut home in shape. This abode has set the gossipers busy predicting Benny about to take himself a wife.

* * *

Count Basie is out of New York's Uptown Cafe Society and the spot has reverted to a more intimate type of jazz as expounded by John Kirby and Eddie South.

* * *

There is still time to vote for your favorite band in RADIO MIRROR'S annual Facing the Music popularity poll. You'll find a convenient ballot at the end of this column.

* * *

Raymond Paige has organized a 45-piece orchestra composed of talented musicians, ranging in age from 16 to 25. He calls the group "Young Americans" and their first effort is a handsome Victor record album.

To set up this group, Paige interviewed 1,200 applicants, auditioned 800. He found one youngester behind a soda fountain, another driving a truck. One of his girl violinists was formerly a house maid.

THIS CHANGING WORLD

Xavier Cugat is due to make a new movie. . . . Bobby Warren, formerly Mark Warnow's arranger, has turned songwriter. He has two hits, "City Called Heaven" and "Number 10 Lullaby Lane". . . . Johnny Long is on the air fourteen times weekly from Meadowbrook via CBS and MBS. Long's band returns to the New Yorker in the Spring following Woody Herman there. . . . Mitchell Ayres goes into Chicago's (*Continued on page* 73)

SAY HELLO TO—

SELENA ROYLE—who plays the title role in CBS' popular serial drama, Kate Hopkins, every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45, E.S.T.

Most actors and actresses who talk about "wanting to get away from it all and buy a nice quiet little home in the country," don't really mean what they're saying and wouldn't willingly go farther from Times Square than Hoboken. Selena is different. She wanted a home in the country so badly that she has actually bought one in Pennsylvania, and gets up very early every morning to make the long trip to New York and her broadcast rehearsals. The house is something to see, too—it's an old schoolhouse that Selena has completely remodeled, and is the apple of her eye.

Selena is the daughter of a theatrical family. Her mother was Selena Fetter, a famous star of an earlier day, and her father is Edwin Milton Royle, noted playwright and author of "The Squaw Man," which was made into Hollywood's very first movie by Cecil B. DeMille.

She made her stage debut when she was sixteen, acting in her father's play, "Lancelot and Elaine." After that she appeared in about forty plays on Broadway and trouped in stock. She was one of the first stage actresses to invade radio, and up until four years ago divided her time between the microphone and the footlights. Now, though, she sticks to radio, although she might go back on the stage if she could find a play she liked.

Honey-haired and lovely (that's her picture as Kate Hopkins you'll find on page 13), Selena is one of radio's nicest people. She is chairwoman of the Radio Division of the American Theater Wing for British War Relief, and during the depression was the originator and leader of an organization called the Actors' Dinner Club, which maintained a place where out-of-work actors could get free meals.

Radio directors like to have Selena in their casts because she's always cooperative and easy to work with, and never temperamental. Maybe that's the reason she has had parts in more than fifty daytime serials and night dramatic shows, which is something of a record.

She must have some leisure time, though, because she is the author of four pieces of work that are now going the rounds of publishers and producers—a children's book, a three-act play, a book on the technique of acting, and a radio serial. Her father, who should be an authority, says the play is a good one.

NEW! Pond's Dreamflower Powder

New Dreamflower Shades—cunningly blended not to stodgily match your skin—but to give your face a look of starry-eyed, colorful freshness!

New Dreamflower Smoothness—clinging as a cloud. To veil your face with a "soft-focus" finish—tender . . . young . . . infinitely caressable.

New Dreamflower Box—adorably garlanded with tiny blossoms too precious for this earth! Lovely big box—only 49¢! 2 smaller sizes, too.

"Pond's new Dreamflower shades are new and completely delectable . . . and the box is the daintiest, most feminine thing I've ever seen!" MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.

Romantic "Find"!

NEW Pond's "LIPS" —stays on longer

2 BIG sizes Unusual values!

5 "Stagline" shades! (Be sure to try exciting magenta-toned Heart Throb —it's the season's hit color!)

Free—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades

POND'S, Dept. 8 RM-PB, Clinton, Conn.
I want to see how the new Dreamflower shades and smoothness make my skin look lovelier. Will you please send me FREE samples of all 6 Dreamflower shades?

Name_____

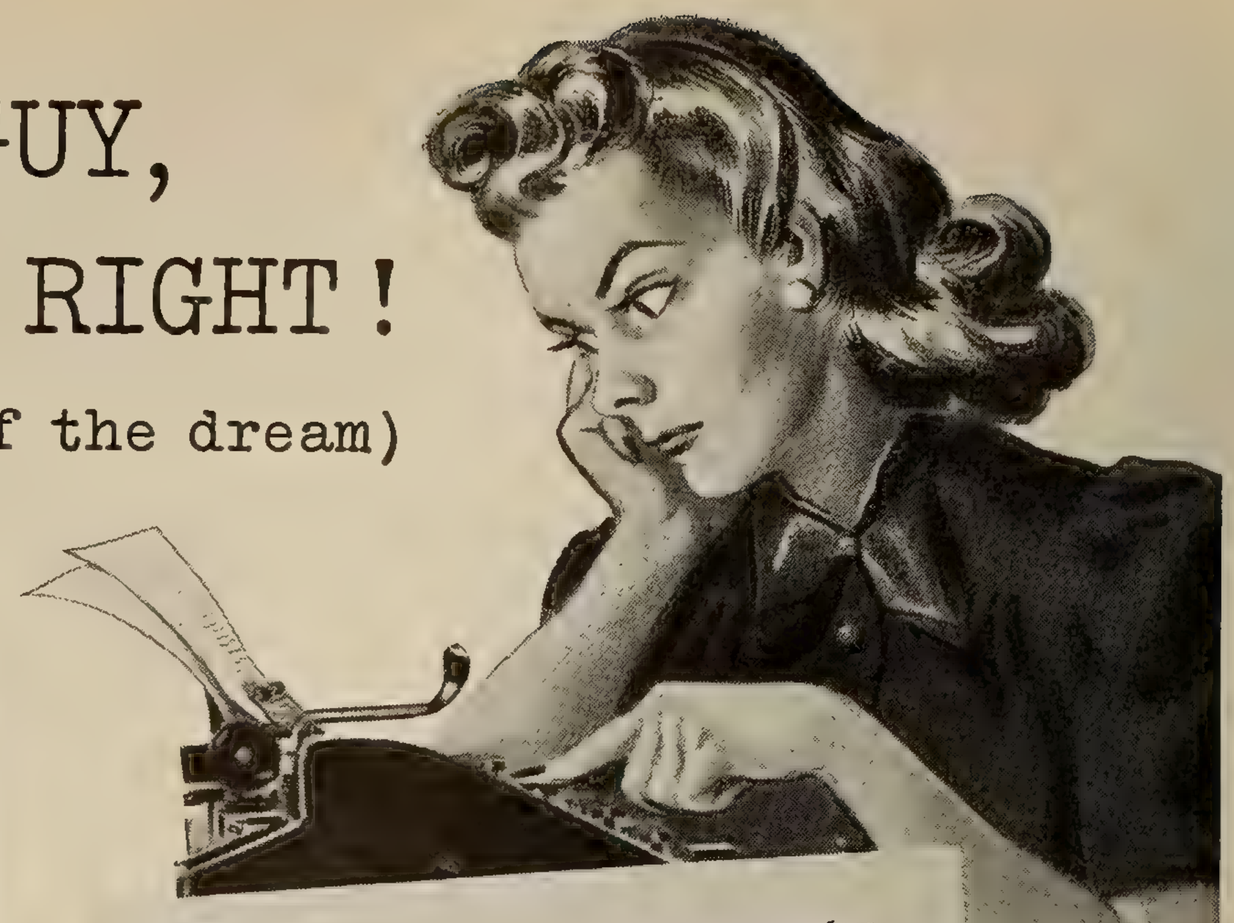
Address_____

City_____ State_____

(This offer good in U. S. only)

HE'S THE DREAM GUY, ALL RIGHT!

(but he walked right out of the dream)



Saturday

JTS

Helen, my pet -

What a houseparty! Wait until I tell you what's happened. That Dream Guy I'm always talking about has come to life! Actually! He just popped up suddenly out of thin air. And of all places - on a Pullman!

I had just got settled for the trip, when I happened to glance up. And there he was - two chairs away - the most bee-u-ti-ful, gorgeous, deep-bronzed male a gal ever yenned for... looking right into my eyes with a sort of I-haven't-eaten-in-three-days look.

His name's Cary Forrester. And he lives up near here. He's the Dream Guy, all right...with spangles! I can't remember very much of anything that we talked about...except that when he said he was going to be on this houseparty, too, I thought, "Fate, you've got a finger in this... and who am I to fight you!"

Got to rush now and get beautiful for a dance tonight. Wish me luck, Hel!

Joan

Monday

JTS

Dear Helen -

I guess maybe I shouldn't have written to you about Cary. Something's happened - he's changed completely.

It happened so suddenly, too. The other night, at the dance, he was wonderful! I don't think he danced with another girl all evening. And once, when Dick Haley cut in, Cary looked as though he wanted to haul poor Dick outside and quietly murder him.

Finally, Cary said to get my wrap because we were skipping out for a drive. We'd hardly started before he wanted to stop and kiss me. So he did. And then, just as suddenly as that, everything changed. He let go of me and just sat there, staring ahead down the road. Pretty soon he said something about it was getting late and we'd better get back.

You can't imagine how different he was. He acted as if I wasn't even there. And he's hardly noticed me since. What could the matter be, Hel? Is it because I let him kiss me? What could it be?

Joan

Wednesday

JTS

Helen -

What did you mean by that note - "See page one of this week's Post"? That's a Listerine advertisement about bad breath. Surely, you're not trying to tell me that mine's that way?

Or are you?

I just can't believe that about me...but then I can't see what else you could possibly have meant.

I hope it's not what you really were hinting at. But, if it is, it's certainly going to be the last time anybody'll ever be able to say a thing like that about me.

Joan

JTS

Friday

Hel, darling -

It's all right! Everything's wonderful, marvelous, gorgeous again! Cary's just the way he was that first day on the train - only even sweeter and kinder and nicer. Gosh what a guy he is!

I nearly die when I think how close I came to losing him. You were right - about that note, I mean. I'm sorry if I was stuffy about it. I couldn't be more grateful now to anybody for anything. Because it was your hint that I use Listerine that made everything all right again between Cary and me.

We're coming home tomorrow. I mean Cary's driving me home tomorrow. He wants to meet you, of course. He says he hopes you won't mind too much having to find a new roommate in the Spring.

Joan

ARE YOU OFFENDING RIGHT NOW?

• The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you, yourself, may not know when you have it. But, don't fool yourself—*others do!*

• Sometimes, of course, halitosis is systemic. But most cases, say some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation . . . then overcomes the odors it causes.

• So why not take the easy and delightful precaution which has become a daily "must" with so many popular and fastidious people? Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, morning and night, and before business and social engagements.

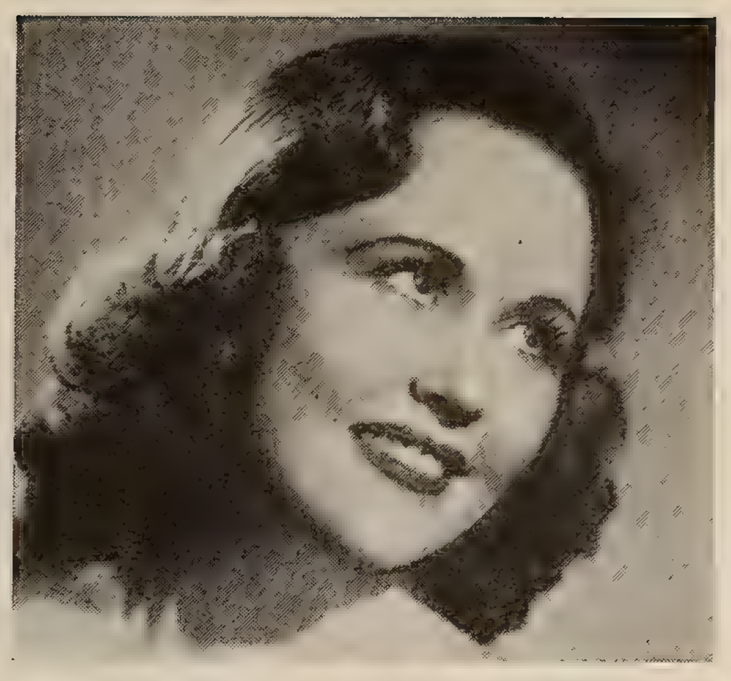
• This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant quickly makes the breath sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

LISTERINE for halitosis ***(bad breath)***

SUNDAY

PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL TIME	Eastern Time	
		8:00	CBS: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **News**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
8:00	9:00	9:00	CBS: **The World Today**
8:00	9:00	9:00	NBC: **News from Europe**
8:15	9:15	9:15	CBS: **From the Organ Loft**
8:15	9:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
8:15	9:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Deep River Boys**
8:30	9:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:00	10:00	10:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
9:00	10:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
9:00	10:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
9:30	10:30	10:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
9:30	10:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
10:00	11:00	11:00	CBS: **News**
10:00	11:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **News**
10:05	11:05	11:05	CBS: **Vera Brodsky**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **First Piano Quartet**
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Invitation to Learning**
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS: **Radio Chapel**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Fiesta Music**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Music and Youth**
9:00	10:00	12:00	CBS: **Syncopation Piece**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Foreign Policy Assn.**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **I'm an American**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Music Hall**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Emma Otero**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Upton Close**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **George Fisher**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Silver Strings**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **This is the Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Josef Marais**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Spirit of '41**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Great Plays**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **The World Today**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS **N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Wake Up America**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Bob Becker**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
12:30	2:30	3:30	MBS: **Disney Song Parade**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Tapestry Musicale**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Listen America**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Sunday Vespers**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Tony Wons**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **Pause that Refreshes**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Behind the Mike**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **The Family Hour**
		5:00	NBC-Blue: **Moylan Sisters**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Metropolitan Auditions**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **Olivio Santoro**
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS: **The Shadow**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wheeling Steelmakers**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Living Diary**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **William L. Shirer**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **SILVER THEATER**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
3:05	5:05	6:05	NBC-Blue: **New Friends of Music**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Gene Autry**
3:30	5:30	6:30	MBS: **Bulldog Drummond**
5:45	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Pearson and Allen**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **The Great Gildersleeve**
9:15	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: **Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **News from Europe**
8:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Jack Benny**
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Screen Guild Theater**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Capt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
7:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **HELEN HAYES**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Blue Echoes**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **CHARLIE McCARTHY**
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Crime Doctor**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Inner Sanctum Mystery**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **FORD HOUR**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Old Fashioned Revival**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
9:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **The Parker Family**
8:15	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
6:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Dinah Shore**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Take It or Leave It**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Goodwill Hour**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Columbia Workshop**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Sherlock Holmes**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Headlines and Bylines**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: **Dance Orchestra**



Star Spangled soprano Lucy Monroe sings on the Merry-Go-Round.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Lucy Monroe, singing on Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, sponsored by Dr. Lyons Toothpowder, on NBC-Red every Sunday night at 9:00, E.S.T.

Lucy is the young lady who, quite by accident, has become the country's foremost singer of "The Star Spangled Banner." She has sung it more times than you could count—at conventions, patriotic rallies, benefit performances, in Army camps and in the big musical production called "American Jubilee" which was one of the attractions of the New York World's Fair. Lucy is well-equipped to sing the National Anthem, because she has a lovely clear soprano voice, and also because she herself is All-American. Her family came to this country in 1610 and seven ancestors fought at the Battle of Bunker Hill; she herself was born in America and received every bit of her musical education here.

It isn't easy to go from the back row of the chorus in a musical comedy to grand opera and "The Star Spangled Banner," but Lucy did it. She progressed from the chorus to a singing part in a musical comedy, but lost the job because the director said she was too unsophisticated. That switched her interest to more operatic kinds of music, and maybe was a good thing for her. Anway, she made the grade, and has sung with several different opera companies, although never the Metropolitan, and with the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia Symphony orchestras.

She isn't sure just how she started singing "The Star Spangled Banner." In 1937 she was invited to be the American Legion's official soloist, and of course she sang it there. In "American Jubilee" she sang it several times a day, in the finale of the show, and by that time the tradition was established that if the Anthem was to be sung in public, Lucy Monroe was the best person to get. She travels all over the country doing her specialty, always without compensation and usually at her own expense. She doesn't think "The Star Spangled Banner" is a particularly difficult song, either, in spite of the frequent criticisms against it on that score.

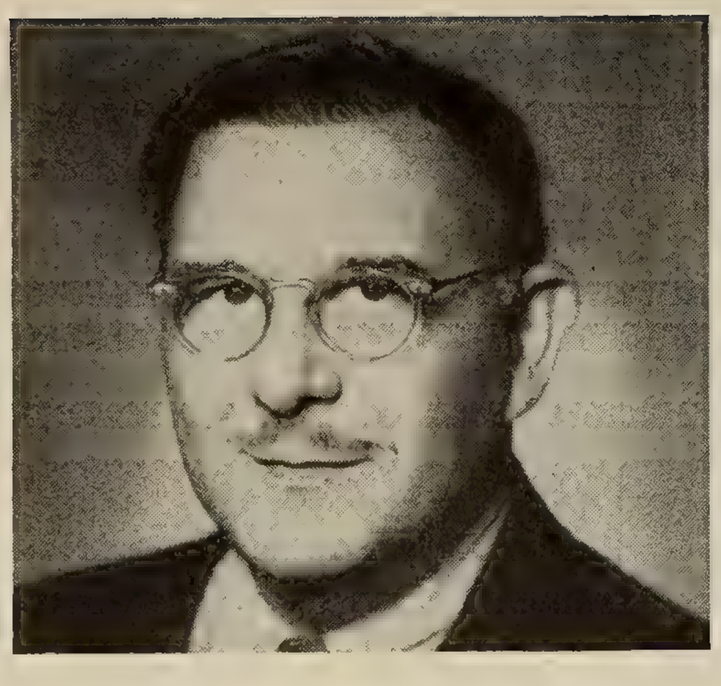
Specializing in the Anthem made her the logical person for RCA-Victor to choose when they decided they needed a director of Patriotic Music. She holds that post now, and passes judgment on most of the patriotic music that's written, helping to decide which is worthy of being recorded. Also, she's a member of the Music Sub-Committee of the Joint Army and Navy Committee on Welfare and Recreation, which means that she goes to different camps organizing entertainments.

MONDAY

P. S. T.	C. S. T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
8:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hymns of All Churches**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **A House in the Country**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
12:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Alma Kitchell**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Bartons**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **In Care of Aggie Horn**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **A Helping Hand**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
	2:15	3:15	CBS: **News for Women**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Concert Orchestra**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Mark Hawley**
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: **Boake Carter**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Secret City**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Frank Parker**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	10:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Old Gold Show**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS: **Blondie**
8:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Cavalcade of America**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Vox Pop**
8:15	7:00	8:00	MBS: **Cal Tinney**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **I Love a Mystery**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Telephone Hour**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **GAY NINETIES**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **National Radio Forum**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Doctor I. Q.**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **For America We Sing**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **That Brewster Boy**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Orson Welles**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Merry-Go-Round**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Contented Hour**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**

TUESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
8:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hymns of all Churches**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS. **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **A House in the Country**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Alma Kitchell**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red **Pepper Young's Family**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Bart ns**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **In Care of Aggie Horn**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughte**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **A Helping Hand**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Rochester Symphony**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Mark Hawley**
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: **Boake Carter**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Secret City**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		6:00	CBS: **PAUL SULLIVAN**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Dorothy Kilgallen**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Edge**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
9:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Helen Menken**
6:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Burns and Allen**
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Are You a Missing Heir**
5:00	7:00	8:00	MBS: **What's My Name**
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Treasury Hour**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Bob Burns**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Horace Heidt**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **We, the People**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Famous Jury Trials**
9:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Report to the Nation**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC SYMPHONY**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **McGee and Molly**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red **BOB HOPE**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Red Skelton**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**



Ralph Locke creates Papa David in popular Life Can Be Beautiful.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Ralph Locke, as "Papa David," in the popular CBS serial, Life Can be Beautiful, sponsored by Ivory.

Papa David is one of the sweetest characters ever created by radio, and Ralph Locke, who has played him on the air ever since the serial started, has put a good deal of his own personality into his interpretation. For instance, it would be just like Papa David to spend his leisure hours as Ralph spends his. Summers, Ralph and Mrs. Locke live in a house they own on City Island, an island at the entrance of Long Island Sound. He commutes back and forth from New York City, and does as much swimming as he possibly can.

Quite a few years ago a violent and sudden summer storm came up, and when it had passed, many bathers, caught unexpectedly in the water, were drowned. Many of them were children. That bothered Ralph so much that he constituted himself a sort of unofficial lifeguard for the scores of youngsters who swim at City Island beach. All summer long he's on hand, a sharp eye out for signs of distress, and many a child owes his life to Ralph's alertness and swimming ability. "It's just a hobby," Ralph says modestly.

In winter, the Lockes move to New York and live in their apartment halfway between the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, both of which Ralph attends religiously in the baseball season. He likes baseball better than football, he says, because in it, when a player comes to bat, he's entirely on his own. That appeals to Ralph more than the elaborate team-work of the other game.

Ralph is a broad-shouldered, slim-waisted man of past middle age, and looks a lot younger than he is. He and Mrs. Locke have been married "more years than you'd believe." She used to be an actress, but he persuaded her to retire when they married. They have no children, and are obviously very much in love.

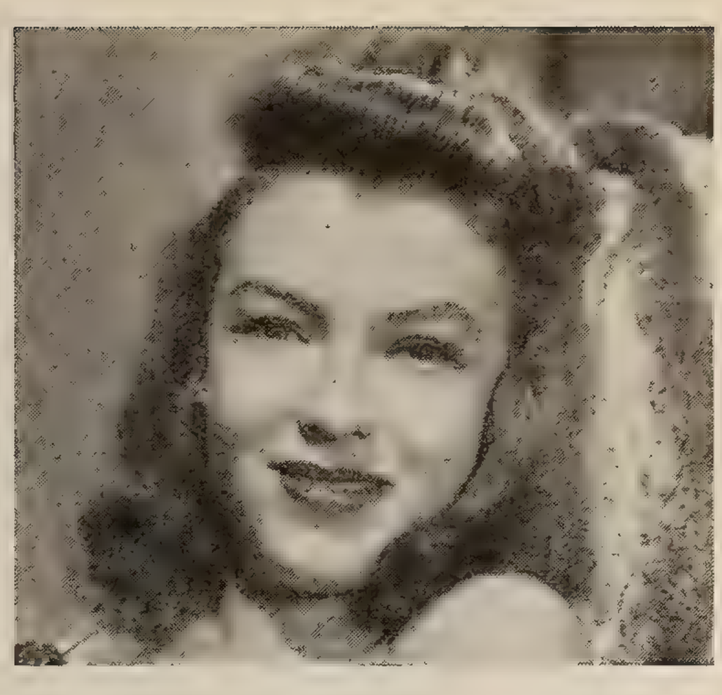
He has been an actor practically all his life, but snorts angrily if you suggest that acting is a glamorous profession. "It's all artifice and no art," he says. "It's a trade. Why should people applaud an actor for giving a good performance, any more than they applaud a carpenter for building a good door? It's his business to give a good performance!" Several times he's been offered good contracts in Hollywood, but has always refused them. Just doesn't like the movies. Similarly, when he was a leading man on the stage, he carefully foiled any move on the part of managers to give him stardom. "You're a star," he reasoned, "and you have to hunt a starring role. If you can't find it, you're out of work. But if you're just a good actor and the play you're in closes, there's always another play. You keep on working." Ralph is a good actor, and he keeps on working.

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
8:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHug**
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **A House in the Conntry**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Bartons**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **In Care of Aggie Horn**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **A Helping Hand**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
	2:15	3:15	CBS: **News for Women**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: **Children Also Are People**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **CBS Concert Hall**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Mark Hawley**
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: **Boake Carter**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Secret City**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Frank Parker**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
9:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Meet Mr. Meek**
8:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **BIG TOWN**
8:15	7:00	8:00	MBS: **Cal Tinney**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Quiz Kids**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **The Thin Man**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Manhattan at Midnight**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Plantation Party**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **FRED ALLEN**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Basin Street Music**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Eddie Cantor**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Penthouse Party**
9:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Mr. District Attorney**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **American Melody Hour**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Kay Kyser**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Juan Arvizu**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Hillman and Clapper**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

THURSDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
8:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Hymns of all Churches**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **A House in the Country**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Bartons**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Pin Money Party**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **The Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Into the Light**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **In Care of Aggie Horn**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **A Helping Hand**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
12:45	2:45	3:45	CBS: **Highways to Health**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Cincinnati Conservatory**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Mark Hawley**
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: **Boake Carter**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Secret City**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		6:00	CBS: **PAUL SULLIVAN**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **William L. Shirer**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Heirs of Liberty**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
9:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **EASY ACES**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
8:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Maudie's Diary**
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Xavier Cugat**
	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Death Valley Days**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **March of Time**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Maxwell House Show**
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Duffy's Tavern**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Service With a Smile**
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **THE ALDRICH FAMILY**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Major Bowes Hour**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Hillman and Clapper**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Glenn Miller**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Rudy Vallee**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Frank Fay**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**



Margo's an actress, a dancer, and a singer on Cugat's show.

HAVE YOU TUNED IN . . .

Margo, singing on Xavier Cugat's Camel-sponsored program, Thursday nights on NBC-Red.

It's quite appropriate for Margo to be on Xavier Cugat's show, because Xavier is her uncle by marriage. In fact, if it weren't for Margo, Xavier might never have married Carmen Cugat, Margo's aunt.

Margo is short—very, *very* short—for Maria Margarita Guadalupe Bolado Castilla. She comes from an old Mexican family, and when she was a little girl she was brought up by her grandmother and her Aunt Carmen. Carmen, a singer, brought the little Margo with her to the United States. When Xavier Cugat met Carmen, in Hollywood, he first had to pass Margo's critical judgment before he had a chance to court her aunt. When he called Carmen on the telephone, Margo would answer and insist on talking to him, she would be there when he came to call, and she stymied the romance completely until she had decided he was good enough for Carmen.

Xavier and Carmen together fostered Margo's natural talent for dancing, and by the time she was in her teens she was dancing professionally with Xavier's orchestra. She was at the Waldorf-Astoria when Ben Hecht happened to see her. He was hunting for a girl to play the lead in a movie he was making, "Crime Without Passion," and Margo's strange little face—too flat to be called pretty, but with a haunting look of sadness—impressed him so much he gave her the part even though she'd never had any acting experience at all. That started her on an acting career that led her to both Hollywood and the Broadway stage.

Margo was married to Francis Lederer, the movie star, in 1937, but they're separated now. She says she is still very fond of him, but they just didn't get along together.

The Cugats and Margo get along very well, although you wouldn't think so to hear them quarrel sometimes. Their Latin temperaments lead to violent scenes which mean precisely nothing, and every now and then Xavier declares furiously that he'll have nothing more to do with his niece because she won't take his advice. Nobody is fooled, and in a short time they're friendly as can be once more.

Thanks to Xavier and Carmen, Margo's musical education includes the piano as well as singing and dancing, so that she could probably win success as a pianist if she tired of her other jobs.

In New York, Margo lives at a hotel in the theatrical district and likes night clubs. She's rehearsing in a new play, in addition to her radio work, and is actively interested in Russian War Relief.

FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Time	
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS: **School of the Air**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Isabel Manning Hewson**
8:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stories America Loves**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Betty Crocker**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
10:15	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bess Johnson**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Helen Hiett**
10:30	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Bachelor's Children**
1:45	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **A House in the Country**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Help Mate**
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Woman of Courage**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **The Road of Life**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Treat Time**
2:45	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:00	10:15	11:15	CBS: **The Man I Married**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Bright Horizon**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Prescott Presents**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **The Bartons**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	MBS: **John B. Hughes**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Big Sister**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Woman in White**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Right to Happiness**
10:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Front Page Farrell**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
4:15	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Young Dr. Malone**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Music Appreciation**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Light of the World**
3:30	1:15	2:15	CBS: **Girl Interne**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Mystery Man**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Fletcher Wiley**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: **Kate Hopkins**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **In Care of Aggie Horn**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
	2:00	3:00	CBS: **A Helping Hand**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Against the Storm**
	2:15	3:15	CBS: **News for Women**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **Honeymoon Hill**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Renfro Valley Folks**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **John's Other Wife**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Just Plain Bill**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Pop Concert**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: **Highways to Health**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **News**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Mark Hawley**
1:45	3:45	4:45	MBS: **Boake Carter**
	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Mary Marlin**
	5:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventure Stories**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **When a Girl Marries**
	4:15	5:15	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
	5:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Secret City**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Portia Faces Life**
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **The O'Neills**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings on Watch**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **We the Abbotts**
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
5:45	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
	10:00	6:00	CBS: **Edwin C. Hill**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Hedda Hopper**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Frank Parker**
8:15	9:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Lum and Abner**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Fred Waring's Gang**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lanny Ross**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **European News**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Al Pearce**
8:30	6:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
7:30	9:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Grand Central Station**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH HOUR**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Auction Quiz**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Three Ring Time**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Philip Morris Playhouse**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Gabriel Heatter**
8:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Gang Busters**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **First Nighter**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Michael and Kitty**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Uncle Walter's Dog House**
6:55	8:55	9:55	CBS: **Ginny Simms**
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS: **Raymond Gram Swing**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Rochester Orchestra**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Wings of Destiny**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

SATURDAY

PACIFIC TIME	CENTRAL TIME	Eastern Time	
		8:00	CBS: **The World Today**
		8:00	NBC: **News**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Hank Lawsen**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Dick Leibert**
		8:45	CBS: **Adelaide Hawley**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **String Ensemble**
		8:45	NBC-Red **Deep River Boys**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Press News**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **News**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Market Basket**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Old Dirt Dobber**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red **New England Music**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Burl Ives**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Musical Millwheel**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Let's Swing**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Jones and I**
10:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **America the Free**
10:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Lincoln Highway**
6:05	10:05	11:05	CBS: **Kay Thompson**
10:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Dorothy Kilgallen**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red **Vaudeville Theater**
	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Hillbilly Champions**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Theater of Today**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **News**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Consumer Time**
10:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Stars Over Hollywood**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
10:00	12:00	1:00	MBS: **We Are Always Young**
10:15	12:15	1:15	MBS: **Government Girl**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Adventures in Science**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Vincent Lopez**
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Juan Arvizu**
10:45	12:45	1:45	MBS: **I'll Find My Way**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Of Men and Books**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **METROPOLITAN OPERA**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Gordon Jenkins Orch.**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Brush Creek Follies**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Country Journal**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Defense and Your Dollar**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Patti Chapin**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **F.O.B. Detroit**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Matinee at Meadowbrook**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Weekend Whimsy**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **A Boy, A Girl, A Band**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Cleveland Symphony**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Glenn Miller**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Music For Everyone**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Doctors at Work**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Calling Pan-America**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Dance Music**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Elmer Davis**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Art of Living**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **The World Today**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: **Edward Tomlinson**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Paul Douglas**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Defense for America**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Wayne King**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Little Ol' Hollywood**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Sammy Kaye**
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
8:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Boy Meets Band**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Knicker ocker Playhouse**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Hobby Lobby**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Bishop and the Gargoyle**
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Truth or Consequences**
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS: **Chicago Theater**
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Spin and Win**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **National Barn Dance**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Frank Black Presents**
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Hemisphere Revue**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Bill Stern Sports Review**
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Public Affairs**
7:15	9:15	10:15	MBS: **Spotlight Bands**
7:30	9:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Hot Copy**
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: **News of the World**

Slightly Southern

This month's cover girl is Dixie-born and blonde and you hear her in leading roles in two big daytime serials, Kate Hopkins and The Mystery Man

LUCKILY, there's a full-color portrait of Delma Byron on the cover of this month's RADIO MIRROR, so there's no need to make an attempt at describing what she looks like. It couldn't be done adequately anyway —she's much too beautiful for words, with a beauty that leads you to believe it must be true what they say about Dixie.

For Delma is a Southern girl, who has kept just enough of her Southern accent to be interesting. Her father's a tobacco planter near Mayfield, Kentucky, and can't understand why his daughter is so crazy about the stage because none of her ancestors were that way. He approves, however, and always listens in as she plays Diane Pers Hopkins in the Kate Hopkins serial, or Iris Duluth on NBC's current Mystery Man story, "Red Roses and White Roses." Her mother died some years ago.

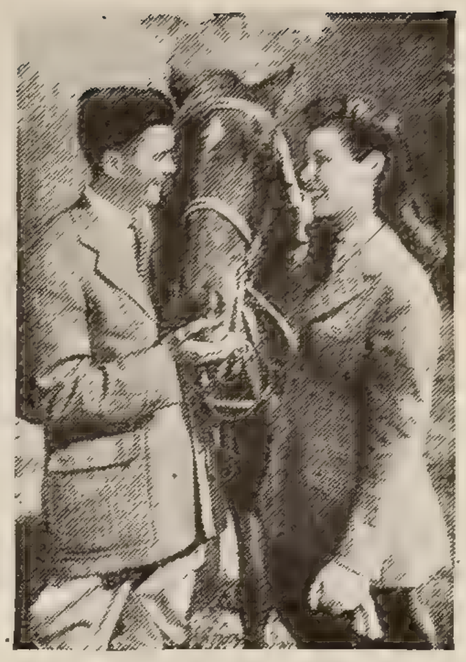
Delma first came to New York, at her father's expense, to study English and the arts at Columbia University. Stage-struck as she was, though, she cut more classes than she attended, and spent most of her time studying dramatic technique with Benno Schneider, the famous coach, or working as a photographer's model. (She walked into the Powers agency, left her picture there, and began to get calls for work just like that.) Finally, after a year and a half, she gave up college entirely and went out after a theatrical career full-time.

You've heard how hard it is to get jobs in the movies? Well, not for Delma. According to her, the hard thing is to get good ones. She went out to Hollywood as a Twentieth Century-Fox contract star and had one good part, the ingenue lead in a Shirley Temple picture, "Dimples," and a lot of bad ones in B pictures. So when her contract was up she came back to New York, toured for forty weeks in "The Women," acted in summer stock, and established herself in radio by winning a role in The Goldbergs. As anyone in radio can tell you, once Gertrude Berg's keen judgment has passed an actress, other casting directors who know Mrs. Berg's ability to pick talent will offer her plenty of work. That's the way it was for Delma.

Delma is twenty-five years old, single, and without matrimonial plans. She lives in a New York apartment and enjoys life very much. The two things she likes to do best are bowl and go to plays. She sees practically every show that opens on Broadway, unless it is so bad it closes before she gets a chance. In other words, she is still stage-struck. Like most New Yorkers-by-adoption, she loves the country, and seldom is in it. She wears clothes well, because she is slim and slightly taller than average, but doesn't go much for hats. That's all right, too, since her blonde hair, brushed so it glistens, is better looking than any hat that was ever invented.

NEW YORK-TEXAS ROMANCE

Eugenia Loughlin's engagement to S. Gail Borden Tennant of Houston (pictured together at right) has stirred far-reaching interest. This beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be will be married this winter, after her fiancé completes his officer's training at Fort Riley.



HER STAR-SAPPHIRE

Engagement Ring. The platinum and baguette diamond setting was designed by her fiancé. "I guess Borden and I made over a hundred sketches for it," she says.

Exquisite EUGENIA J. LOUGHLIN

She's ENGAGED! She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

See how her SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care will help your skin

1. Eugenia SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over her lovely face and throat. Pats it on briskly with quick little upward pats. This softens dirt and old make-up. Then she tissues off the cream. "*I adore the cool, clean feel Pond's gives my face,*" *she says.*

2. Eugenia RINSES with *lots more* Pond's. Tissues off the cream again.
This *second time* helps clean off every little smitch of soil, leave her fine-textured skin flower-soft.

You'll love Eugenia's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care with Pond's Cold Cream.
Use it *every* night—and for daytime clean-ups.
See your skin look softer, smoother, prettier.
You'll know then why so many *more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.*
Buy a jar today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big* jars.

Send coupon for 5 POND'S Beauty Aids

1. **Pond's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Cold Cream**
2. **Vanishing Cream**
3. **New Dry Skin Cream**
4. **New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)**
5. **Pond's "Lips" (5 shades)**

POND'S, Dept.8RM-CB, Clinton, Conn.
Send me samples of 5 Pond's Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.

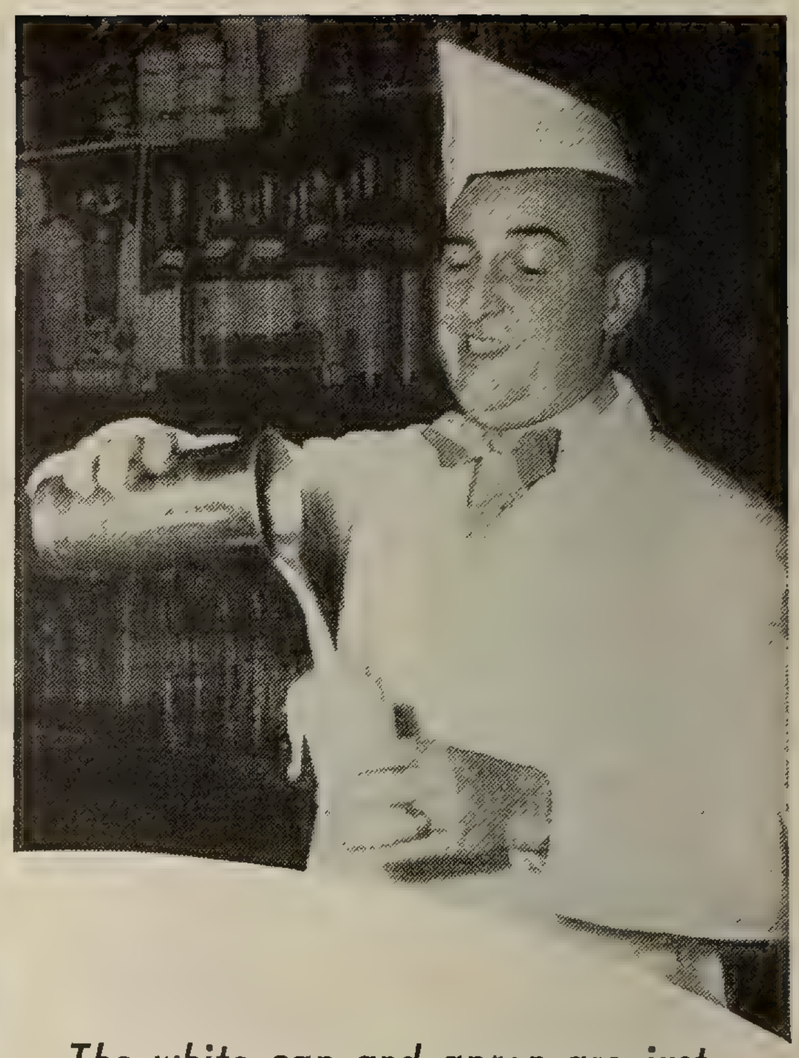
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

(Offer good in U. S. only)

Bill Monroe leads the Blue Grass Boys on WSM's long-run entertainment, the famous Grand Ole Opry.

She's an expert on feminine fashions—Florence Sando, on KQV, Pittsburgh, six days a week.



The white cap and apron are just part of Toby Nevius' comedy disguise on WLW's Fountains o' Fun.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 5) minster College and majored in journalism. She was the leading campus actress at Westminster and played character parts in college dramatics on station WKST, New Castle, Pa. Her work in dramatics led to a fellowship to the School of the Theater, Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, and there she studied for and obtained her Master's degree. After getting her degree she stayed at Western Reserve as publicity director of the University Theater, in her spare time writing and producing programs on Cleveland stations.

Then, early in 1941, she moved to New York, hoping to crack the Broadway theater. A few months were enough to show her how difficult it is to find an opening in that competitive world and, since Flo is more sensible than most, she returned to Pittsburgh, joined the Pittsburgh Playhouse, persuaded KQV to let her do a program of theater news on the air, and before she knew it had become so well liked by listeners that Kaufmann's Department Store hired her to run a daily program for it on KQV. This she does very ably, with the assistance of Bob Prince, the sponsor's sports announcer.

Black-haired, blue-eyed, and five feet four inches tall, Flo is extremely ornamental around the KQV studios, as well as useful.

* * *

Pity the two sweet young radio actresses who chose a crowded elevator the other day to hold a conversation about what sounded like serious family matters.

"My mother's going to die next week," one of them remarked.

"Oh, is that so?" the other one said interestedly. "That's funny—they're going to kill my father off pretty soon, too."

About this time they became aware that other passengers were looking at them in horror and edging quietly away to the other side of the car. They got off at the next stop. Somehow, it seemed just too complicated to explain that they were talking about their script relatives in the daytime serials they act in on the air.

* * *

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Headliners on WSM's Grand Ole Opry, topnotchers in record sales, and powerful drawing cards whenever they make personal appearances—that's Bill Monroe and his Blue Grass Boys. They specialize in old time hymns, but are just as clever at comedy, and can roll out with some sizzling swing whenever they feel like it.

Bill was born in Rosine, Kentucky, on September 13, 1911, and began his radio career on station WIND, Hammond, Indiana. In 1933, he and his Blue Grass Boys moved to Chicago and the WLS Barn Dance, coming to WSM and the Grand Ole Opry two years later. Bill's pleasing voice and distinctive way of singing old-time songs endear him to the hearts of everyone who hears him. It's not his sense of showmanship that does it, either; the sincerity in his voice is real, and all the more effective because of that.

Bill sings and plays the mandolin. The members of the Blue Grass Boys trio are Bill Westbrook, Pete Pyle, and Art Wooten. Bill Westbrook plays the bass fiddle, manages the group, and furnishes the comedy as "Cousin Wilbur." Among his antics are novelty singing numbers, burlesque costumes, and pantomime that keeps everyone on the stage or in the audience in a continuous uproar. Art has been with Bill Monroe ever since he organized his group, playing the violin—only round the Grand Ole Opry they call it a fiddle. Pete Pyle, the newest addition to the Blue Grass Boys, is a solo recording artist in his own right. His singing and playing of Western tunes is something special. In the trio he plays the guitar.

Although the Blue Grass Boys number only four, they're all so talented that they could present a complete show—comedy, music, songs—all by themselves.

* * *

Funny, what a Metropolitan Opera contract will do for a singer. Jan Peerce has been on the air for years, but mostly without a sponsor. Hardly had the ink dried on his agreement with the Met when sponsors were snapping him up for guest appearances. Not that his voice had suddenly become any more beautiful than it always has been, but—oh, well—*you* figure out the reason.

* * *

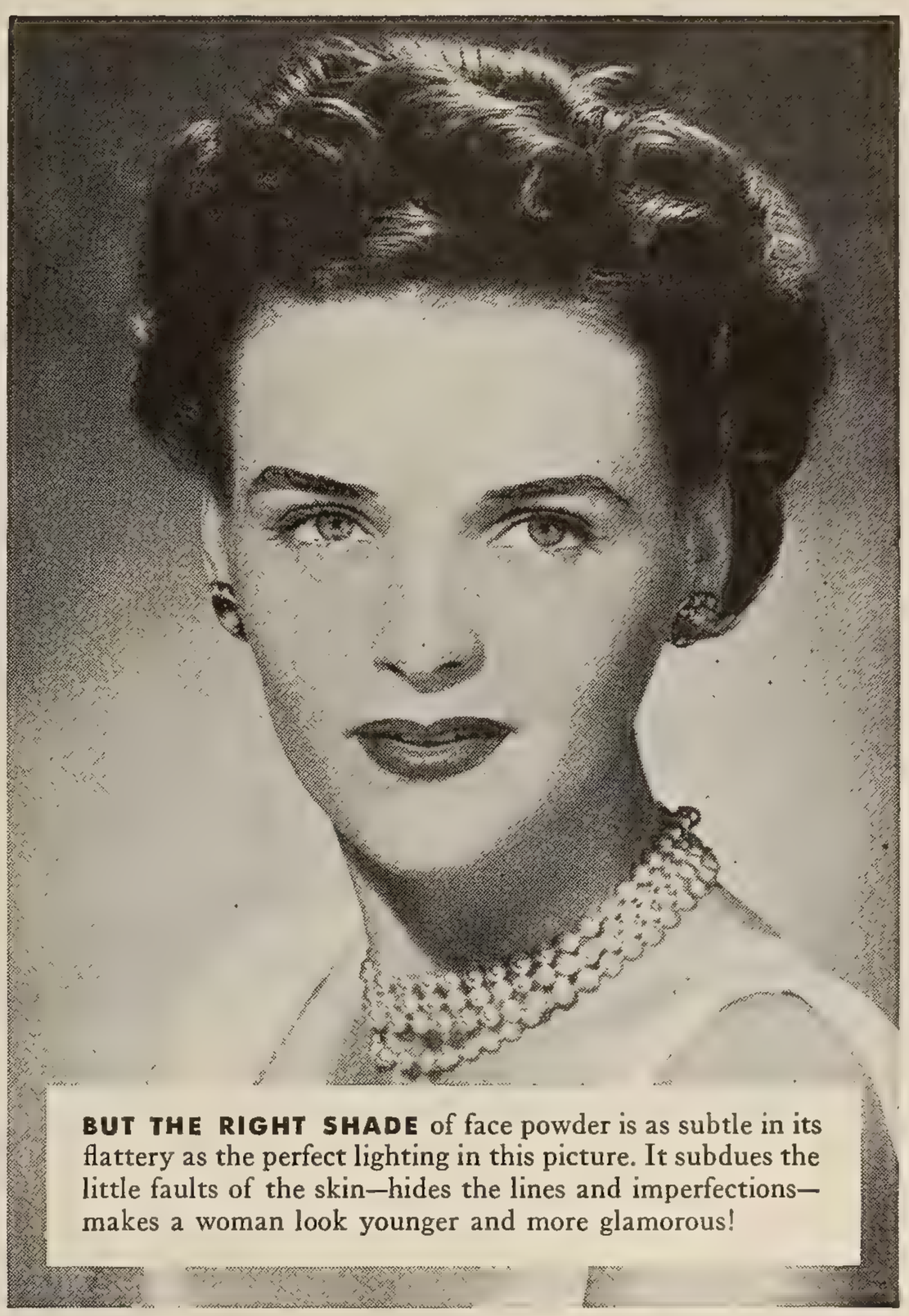
Did you ever write an operetta?—or do you think you could? Then get in on the $10,500 worth of prizes being offered by the Chicago Theater of the Air (Mutual, Saturday nights) for the best American operetta. The only requirement of entries is that they must be American in theme and

(*Continued on page* 77)

He's neither actor nor commentator, yet many-voiced George Provol is heard daily on KDYL.

How one Tragic Mistake can add Years to your Face!

CERTAIN SHADES of powder act like the harsh, unflattering light in this picture. They accent every line—exaggerate every tiny skin defect, and even the size of the pores—often make a woman look years older than she actually is.



BUT THE RIGHT SHADE of face powder is as subtle in its flattery as the perfect lighting in this picture. It subdues the little faults of the skin—hides the lines and imperfections—makes a woman look younger and more glamorous!

One Sure Way to Avoid This Mistake!

WHENEVER I see a woman who is the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of face powder, I think: "What a pity! She's adding tragic years to her face, making herself look older than she is—and so needlessly!"

Your face powder should *improve* your appearance. It should flatter you, make you look younger and lovelier. If the powder you use doesn't do these things it is not a *true cosmetic!*

The whole secret is finding the exactly *right* shade of powder for you—the shade that gives your skin new glamor. And now you can! Yes, now you can find your most flattering shade of face powder—without guesswork.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Here's how: Send today for the 9 thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all, one after another, right on your own skin. Keep looking in your mirror—it will tell you when you've found your Lucky Shade!

You see, my powder is different because it's *made* differently! It's made a new way—the first really new way in generations. It's blown and re-blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary face powder. And it goes on a new smoother way that makes it cling hour after hour. Yes, Lady Esther Face Powder clings and flatters you for 4 long hours or more!

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your Lucky Shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

Lady Esther **FACE POWDER**

LADY ESTHER, (75)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

John's Other Wife

(*Continued from page* 17) always made him feel good when his judgment of a man was justified.

That same night, when he got home, Elizabeth was in a strange state of excitement. "Come in here," she said even before he had his hat off. "I've got something to tell you."

He went into the living room and sat down. Elizabeth perched on the arm of his chair.

"We had a meeting of the Women's City Club this afternoon," she said. "Some of the girls wanted to give a big affair this winter, probably about Christmas time, and you know, just like a flash I thought of Marianne. I told the Committee about it and they put it up before the Club and everybody is just crazy about it. So I think we should hire Webster Hall and let Marianne give a solo recital."

"How do you know she's good enough?" John said.

"Why, I'm sure she is." Elizabeth fairly danced across the room. "And doesn't Mr. Willison own Webster Hall?"

"Yes," John admitted. "I think he does, along with half the other things in town."

"That makes it very easy." Elizabeth couldn't keep the excitement from her voice. "You're the manager of his store. I'm sure you could arrange it."

"Yes," John admitted. "I could arrange it, but I hate to ask him for anything. He's not a man that gives favors very easily."

"But you wouldn't be asking him for anything," Elizabeth protested. "We expect to pay rent."

"Well, all right then," John said. "I will speak to him. But I don't guarantee the results." He stood up and reached for his tobacco jar. "My advice would be to talk to Marianne about it first."

SEVERAL times during the evening Elizabeth, unable to restrain her enthusiasm, brought up questions about the proposed concert.

"Listen, darling," John finally said, "I know less about music and concerts than any man you ever heard of, probably. If you want any help with the business arrangements, I'll do what I can for you. But the musical questions you'd better leave to Marianne, as I told you."

The press of business, the hundreds of people to see, the before-Christmas rush that gained speed and weight seemingly from itself, drove from John's mind all other thoughts until two days later when his secretary announced in the middle of a typically busy afternoon that Marianne Phillips wished to see him.

She came into the drab business office like a breath of sweet winter wind, roses glowing in her cheeks, wet little drops of melted snow glistening on the fur collar of her coat.

"Why, Marianne," John said. "What brings you here?"

Marianne's eyes glowed brightly. "I couldn't stay away," she said. "I had to come and thank you for all you've done for me."

"Oh, Elizabeth has told you, then?" said John.

"Yes, and it's the chance I've been waiting for. I'm sure I can do it. I'm sure I can make them like me. And thanks to you—and Elizabeth—I'm going to have the chance."

"Why, it's nothing," John began. "Elizabeth's done everything, really. I had nothing to do with the plans."

Marianne threw open her coat. "Oh, but you did. Elizabeth told me how you were getting the hall and making all the business arrangements."

John couldn't help but notice the whiteness of her throat. "Oh, that," he said. "It's nothing."

"Well I think it's something," said Marianne.

The telephone on John's desk rang. He picked it up at once. "Yes. Yes, I'll come right down." He turned to Marianne, "I'm sorry, I've got to go downstairs a minute. I know you'll excuse me."

"Of course," she said. "I didn't intend to intrude on your time. I really just came to thank you."

LATER, when John was back in his office, he fell to thinking of Marianne, of that sheer buoyancy, that vital quality she carried with her. It must have been the same thing he heard in her voice that afternoon he had come home early. It was the quality of youth calling to the world for adventure and excitement and love—the eagerness to meet the world on its own terms and conquer it.

Then, again he forgot. His days grew busier, his evenings very short. He never left the office until 7 o'clock and often it was later. He made the arrangements with Mr. Willison to use Webster Hall on the evening of the twenty-third of December. It was on a Thursday and Elizabeth said that it should be the best night of the whole Christmas season.

"I think we're all ready," Elizabeth said a few days later. "We've arranged for the piano and accompanist, and I've been trying to get Marianne to decide what she'll sing. The little minx doesn't seem to want to make up her mind."

"She will," John said. "Give her time. She's probably practicing a couple of hundred numbers right now and she'll decide on the ones she does best."

Elizabeth moved to the piano and struck a chord. "The Committee did a lovely thing today. They decided that Marianne was to have half the profits besides the flat fee we had arranged to pay her. If we sell all eight hundred seats at two dollars each as we plan, there should be enough left over for her to buy a piano."

"You mean she won't be practicing here any more?" John said.

"I thought you'd be glad to hear that," Elizabeth replied, smiling.

John opened his book and began to read without having answered Elizabeth.

ANY other day but the next, John thought, he would have been delighted to hear his secretary's voice telling him that his wife was outside to see him. He hesitated a fraction of a second, his eyes on the sheaf of work piled before him that would take every minute of the rest of the day if it were to be finished.

"Ask her to come in," he said.

His annoyance must still have been written on his face when Elizabeth came into the office.

"Oh I'm sorry," she apologized.

"No," John forced himself to say, "I couldn't get everything done anyway."

"It's just that I'm worried about Marianne," Elizabeth said.

John's annoyance vanished. "What's the matter?"

"She wouldn't say anything to me," Elizabeth said, "but Claire did. The poor girl hasn't a thing to wear for her concert. She just thought of that. Now she doesn't even want to go through with the recital."

"Why, that's silly—" John began.

"Yes," Elizabeth said hurriedly. "That's what I told Claire. I told her I would speak to you. Darling, can't Marianne come to the store and pick out an evening dress?"

John frowned. "I'd like to, Elizabeth," he said, "but I don't quite see how I can."

"Let her charge it," Elizabeth told him, "until after the concert."

"Oh," John said, "I didn't know what you meant." He pressed the buzzer on his desk. "I don't see why

(*Continued on page* 52)

Kay Kyser and John Barrymore can't hide their faces behind those costumes—a scene from the new RKO-Radio movie-musical, titled "Playmates," in which these two radio stars are featured.

"Lovely skin makes hearts beat faster"

MERLE OBERON

ALEXANDER KORDA STAR

"I never neglect my daily Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL"

1 "Here's all you do to take a Lux Soap facial," says this famous screen star. "First pat Lux Soap's lather lightly in."

2 "Then rinse with warm water —follow with a dash of cool —and pat your face gently with a soft towel to dry."

3 "Now touch your skin. See how softly smooth it feels— how fresh it looks! This facial's a wonderful beauty care. Try it!"

LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of **10** Screen Stars use **Lux Toilet Soap** – *It's PURE! It has ACTIVE lather! It's MILD!*

(*Continued from page* 50) that can't be arranged."

His secretary opened the door. "Yes, Mr. Perry?"

John explained what he wanted done, and turned to his wife. "There, how's that?"

"Wonderful," Elizabeth exclaimed. "Now you can go back to that work of yours."

"Not until you promise to disturb me again," John said, unaccountably pleased with himself. How seldom you did something helpful for anyone and how good it made you feel when you did! The work went faster after that, for all of the minutes he had lost.

HE had just put his hat on and was switching off the light at five o'clock when the door opened.

"Mr. Perry?" John recognized with a shock of pleasure the vibrancy of the voice.

"Marianne!" His finger snapped the light back on and he stood away from the door.

"Oh—you were leaving," Marianne said.

"No." John put his hat aside and walked back towards his desk. Marianne followed him to the center of his office.

"It—it was wonderful of you," she said in a half whisper.

No use to pretend. John smiled. "Did you find anything you liked?"

"Oh, yes!" Marianne breathed. "That's the trouble. I can't decide. That's why I came to see you. I thought perhaps you could tell me which I should get."

"Why, I could try," John murmured, flushed with sudden embarrassment.

"Can I show you?"

John nodded his head and Marianne hurried out. In a few moments she was back, transformed by the shimmering tulle and damask dress she was now wearing.

"I think I like this one the best." She was holding the bouffant skirt away from her, was pirouetting around with fresh, youthful grace. How unselfconscious she was, John thought. Like an eager child showing off proudly to her father. John thrust the unwelcome comparison aside. For now Marianne was standing perfectly still, a half smile parting her lips. Highlights from the shining bodice had caught up the shadows of her throat and had made it a classic column of Parian marble. It was a sudden vision of delight. Here was no adoring child but a lovely, desirable woman trying to please a man.

"I—I think that's my choice," John said, realizing as he spoke that he had not even seen the other dresses Marianne had been prepared to show him.

"I knew it would be." Marianne danced away to change back into her every-day dress.

"I'll drive you home," John called to her.

Afterwards, John thought of those moments with a quickening of feeling. Marianne was so fresh and unspoiled, he thought. And again he visioned her as a child with a woman's beauty.

For the first time he could remember it seemed dull to be at home that night. The friendly routine of dinner, talking with Elizabeth, the comfortable hour with the evening paper seemed empty tonight. He stirred restlessly in the chair and instantly Elizabeth was looking up from her knitting.

"Isn't it about time we went out for a change?" he said.

"Tonight?" Elizabeth asked.

"Too late now," John replied. "I was just thinking. It's been so long since we really went out and did something."

"We could call on someone tomorrow night," Elizabeth suggested.

"Oh, not calling," John said. "I mean really going out—to the club, for dancing. Something like that."

"All right."

The fact that Elizabeth had agreed so readily with him did not seem to ease his sense of tension. He concentrated on the news with an effort that warned him he was not relaxed. Finally, he put the paper down and strode aimlessly around the room.

COMING NEXT MONTH!

Now that you have seen all your Mary Marlin friends as they really are in the Living Portraits on page 18, be sure to get your copy of the March issue of

RADIO MIRROR

to read the complete story of MARY MARLIN as a thrilling novel

DON'T MISS THIS EXCITING NEW SERIAL

He walked behind the piano into the space made by the big bay window and looked out at the quiet winter scene. Snow fell gently, a drier snow now. It reminded him of that afternoon he had first come home to hear Marianne's voice filling the house with song. Something of his restlessness crept into his attitude. "You're like a caged lion," Elizabeth told him.

He swung about moodily. "I think I'd better go to bed."

THE next afternoon Marianne came again to the office. This time he was downright glad to see her. "I'm tickled pink you came in," he said. "I haven't been able to do any work for an hour. And I was just about to go down for a cup of tea. Now I'll have company."

Marianne seemed to sparkle all over. "I'd love that," she said.

In the employees' lunch room John sat cross-legged on a stool and fell to thinking of the last time he had come down in the afternoon for tea, with Elizabeth. "You get too busy to do these things," John said, "and yet I think they do you good. If I have a breathing spell in the afternoon, a little talk like this and a bite to eat, I do twice as much work the rest of the day."

"I'm so glad I'm a good influence," Marianne smiled.

"Hadn't I told you?" John found it easy to match her mood.

"I can't call you Mr. Perry, anymore," she burst out suddenly. "It makes you sound old and dignified."

"I thought I was."

"Oh, no." There was an urgency in her voice as if she would repel even the suggestion of the difference in their ages.

"Well, all right then. Marianne and John. It's a deal." He had meant to say it all lightly, but there had been a deliberateness when he had linked her name with his.

She was smiling, more because it was obvious that she was happy than because anything had amused her.

"Weren't you going to tell me something?" he prompted.

"Oh—just about what to sing," Marianne said. "I've gone over everything I know and nothing seems just right for the concert."

"You came to the wrong man," said John. "You should see your teacher for advice of that sort—but I do have one thing to suggest—that song you were singing the night I came in and caught you."

"'Drink to Me Only with Thine eyes?'"

"That's the one. I always liked that one."

Marianne was excited. She grasped John's hand quickly. "That would be good," she said. "I could start off with that and then sing another old song, maybe a Stephen Foster, and work up gradually through some Brahms to a real aria, just to show them what I could do—and then end with another familiar old song."

"That's the ticket," John agreed. "Make them cry. They'll love you for it. And if you get a chance you can sing 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes' for an encore, too. For, of course, there will be encores."

"If you think I can make them applaud, John, then I can." Marianne looked at him with a question written very large in her eyes. But John refused to see it. He turned away and paid the check and led her to the door. "I'll take you downstairs. I have an errand down there anyway," he said. But at the main entrance to the store he found himself taking Marianne out to the street and then along the front of the store until they were at the corner.

"Why, John," Marianne said breathlessly, "you came out without your coat on."

"It's not cold," he smiled. He was young again. He used to go out like that all the time.

"Now you go back," Marianne said. "I don't want you catching cold on my account."

John scoffed at the notion. "I haven't had a cold in three years."

Marianne turned to face him. Above her head a neon light flashed to the world the prosaic announcement that cigars were sold inside. But the light cast on Marianne's face

was not in any sense prosaic. It made her eyes look deep and dark and transformed her hair into a shining cap. In her hand her hat swung gaily. She bubbled over. "I can hardly believe it's almost here. In another ten days I'll be on that stage —I know I'll be nervous."

"Don't think about it," John said. "Youll give the best recital this town ever heard."

Marianne grasped the lapels of his coat in her two hands. "If you believe I can do it, John, then I can," she said.

John couldn't resist touching her hair with his hand. "If you don't win them with your singing alone you will with the way you look," he said.

Before he could move, before he could say yes or no, Marianne had risen on her tiptoes and kissed him swiftly, fleetingly, squarely on the mouth. Then she was gone across the street, through traffic, and had disappeared into the crowd of late shoppers.

John stood there for a moment, a half smile crinkling his face, feeling the touch of her warm young lips. He turned about and went back into the store. It seemed dull and musty, robbed of all its freshness. Even his work was stale, though he could scarcely afford now any sense of disinterest, and in the evening, instead of going out, as he had thought he wanted to the day before, he found he simply wanted to stay home. Nothing Elizabeth proposed sounded good to him.

The next day at about the same time, John caught himself wondering whether Marianne would come again. At four, when she had not appeared, he went downstairs alone for tea. But the bare lunch room seemed today a cold, uninviting place, and he left hurriedly.

SEVERAL times that night, as he lay restlessly in his bed, he awakened to hear the muffled night noises of the city coming through thickly falling snow. And each time he found difficulty in going back to sleep. The even, quiet breathing of Elizabeth irritated him and he wished she would wake up so that he wouldn't have to hear her.

Nor was it any easier, the following afternoon, to concentrate on work. As early as two o'clock he found himself beginning to wonder whether Marianne would appear. Once he put his hand on the telephone, intending to call her, but drew it back before he made the call. At three o'clock his secretary said the words again, "Marianne Phillips to see you, Mr. Perry."

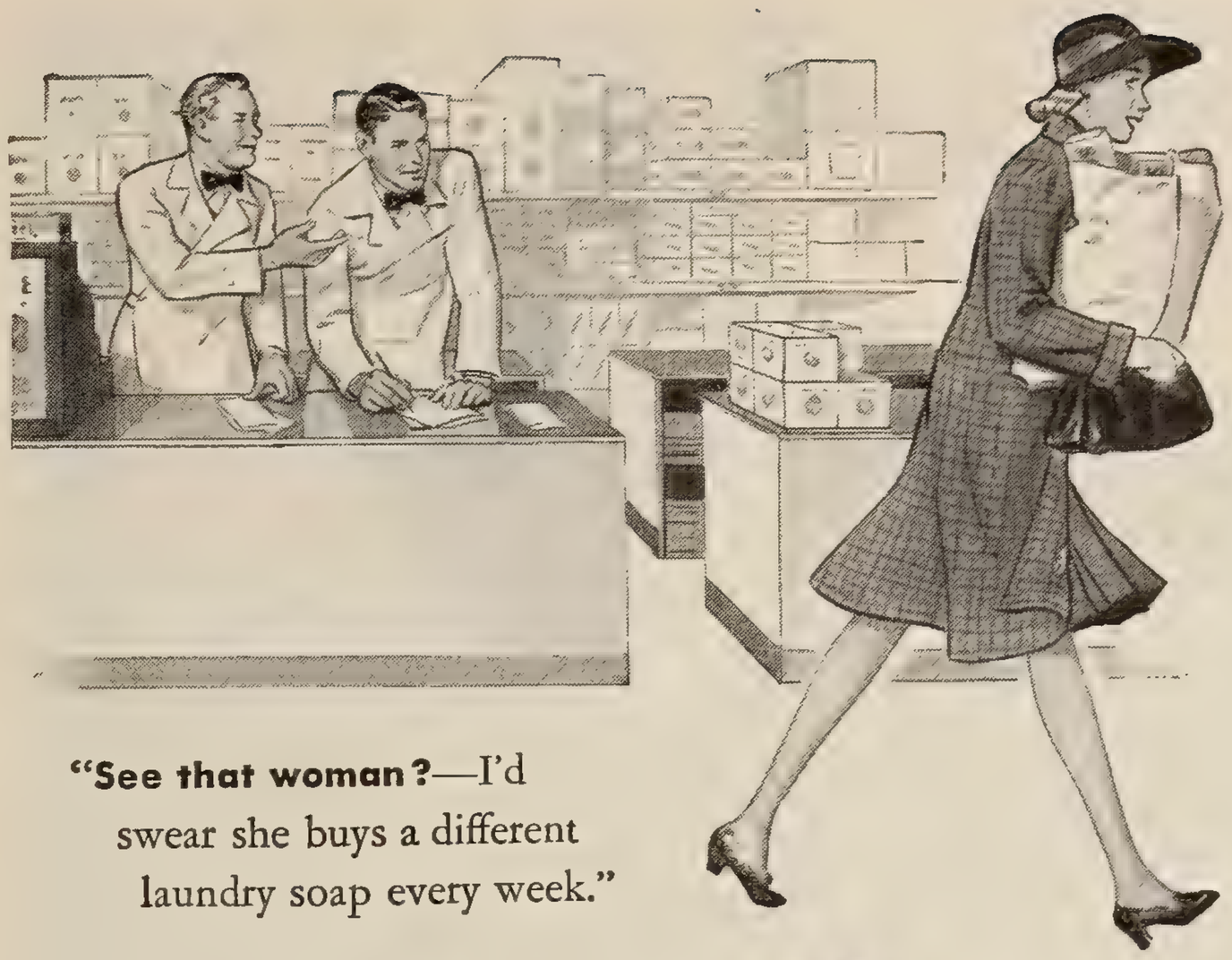
Magically the late December afternoon sun streamed in the window with new force. "Show her in," John said.

Marianne entered and as she did so the office door swung closed behind her. John stood up and Marianne came directly around the desk toward him. "John!" said Marianne, standing very close to him. "Would you do me another favor?"

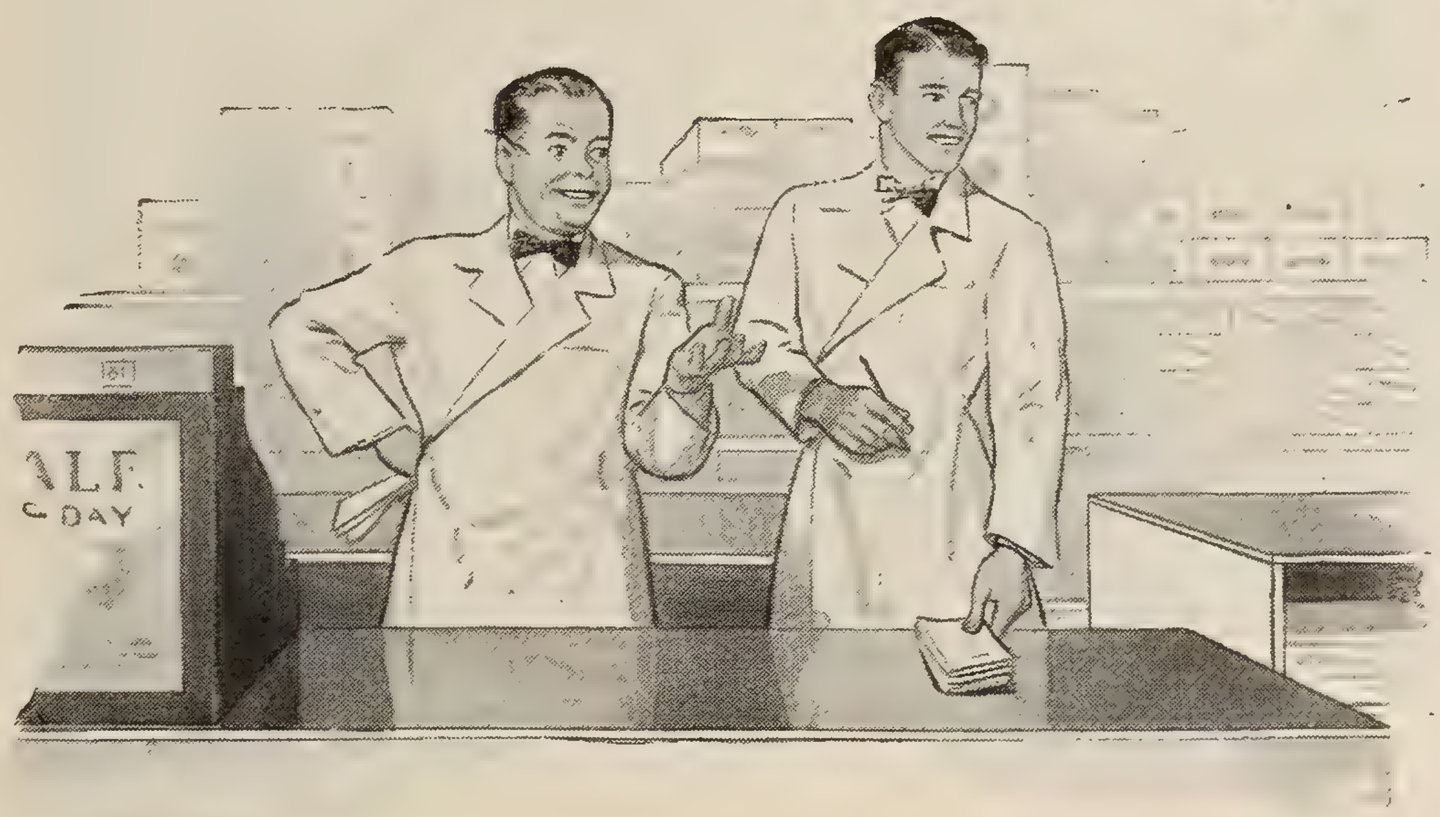
"What?" John smiled.

"I've been working on the program all day and I've just about decided to do an aria from 'Faust.' But I'd like to see the hall first and sing a few bars just to see if my voice is big enough to fill it."

John thought rapidly. "We can arrange that," he said. "Wait here a



"See that woman?—I'd swear she buys a different laundry soap every week."



"Know how she buys?—She comes in and asks me, *'Which one's having a sale today?'* So I tell her and out she goes, pleased as Punch, with a bagful of bargains. . . . And next week she's back again —buying somebody else's soap."

What's a bargain...in soap?

"Some day she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap and she'll be done with all that. Instead of saving pennies here, she'll save dollars at home —you wait and see."

Doesn't this open your eyes?

MAYBE YOU'VE NEVER paid much attention when we told you Modess is softer. Maybe you're so used to buying one type of napkin that it has never even occurred to you to try another, newer type.

WELL, THEN, LISTEN to over 10,000 women who *tested* Modess against the napkin *they'd* been buying.* 3 out of every 4 of these women discovered that *Modess was softer!*

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*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write the Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted

Modess softer

THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'D BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

minute." He went across the hall to Mr. Willison's office and got the keys to Webster Hall from his secretary.

When he and Marianne went into the musty, cold building filled with canvas covered chairs, it filled them both with a sudden sense of loneliness. The long windows in the sides of the auditorium admitted the sunlight in tall, dust-laden beams. They walked down the carpeted aisle, their muffled footsteps sounding preternaturally loud in the stillness. On the stage Marianne stood a moment looking at the empty building before her. John could see that she was thinking of it ablaze with light, the piano at her side and her voice soaring into the receptive quiet. He patted her on the shoulder once and then retired to a corner of the stage. Marianne stood a moment longer, then sang a few bars of the aria. The lilting melody swept back into the auditorium and seemed to re-echo in John's ears like a tender grace note.

Suddenly Marianne was a girl again, not a singer. She turned to John. "I can do it," she said. "I can do it!"

Back in his car John drove around aimlessly for a few minutes, unwilling to return to the store.

"Why don't we go for a little drive?" Marianne said. "It's such a lovely afternoon with all this new snow covering the bareness. The store won't even miss its manager."

"Are you sure?" John asked with mock gravity. Marianne nodded and put her arm gently through his.

In their new intimacy, he turned the nose of the powerful car out toward the outskirts of town. They drove along the River road. On their left ran the quiet brown water of the river not yet frozen across, outlined by its frosty white banks. Marianne sat close to John, not talking much. They both liked the quiet purr of the engine and the steady crunch of the wheels in the layer of snow. They drove until the sun went down and then turned back in the gathering twilight. Several times Marianne took John's hand to hold in hers for a minute. He left Marianne at the corner near her house and drove on home alone.

The last time he had taken any time away from the office was long ago—when Joy was born. And before that? Yes, it had been to spend the day with Elizabeth.

This was only three days before the concert. Marianne came to see him once more. When the day of the recital came John was almost sorry.

THAT Thursday, just two days before Christmas, was another bright, glittering winter day. The Christmas trees on the lawns of the houses gave the whole town a festive aspect. Driving down to Webster Hall with Elizabeth at his side, John thought of the decorations in connection with Marianne. He couldn't rid his mind of the thought that all this festivity was really for her.

"Do you expect a big turnout, Elizabeth?" he asked anxiously.

Elizabeth was eager. "Of course. Everyone will be there. All the tickets were sold a week ago and we have had so many calls for more that we arranged to have some extra chairs in the rear of the auditorium. I think we could have sold twice as many."

In front of Webster Hall the cars drove up one by one to let out the people who were to hear Marianne sing. The doorman stood impeccably in evening clothes and the ushers scurried up and down the aisles. John and Elizabeth joined the throng and went inside. Their tickets were in the fifth row on the aisle, but as the usher led them down, Elizabeth turned impulsively to John. Dismay was in her voice. "John, we completely forgot the flowers!"

John shook his head in chagrin. "That's right," he said, "and now it's too late."

Elizabeth drew him out of the aisle. "No it isn't," she said. "That store down on Main Street is still open. You can run down there and get the biggest bouquets they have." And when he hesitated, she said, "John, you've got to. She'll be broken hearted!"

It was farther than he had thought to the shop and the florist, in his excitement, took seemingly forever to bind the ribbons and cut the stems to the right length. Then, when finally the flowers were wrapped up and the florist paid, John skidded back over the icy streets to the stage door and found the head usher to explain about

From a guest appearance to a permanent spot on the Old Gold Show, Mondays on the NBC-Blue network. That's what happened to Bert Wheeler (left) and Hank Ladd, popular comedy team.

handing the flowers up to Marianne on the stage, two bouquets after the first series of songs, and the others after the concert was ended.

It had taken too long! By the time John had run back to the front of the hall and hurried through the lobby, Marianne had started her first song. First faintly, and then more clearly, he could hear her voice echoing through the hall. Something was wrong—what was it? Quietly he opened the door into the auditorium and stood a moment in the blackness at the rear, listening. Was it because he had come so hurriedly out of the accustomed noise of the street that Marianne's voice sounded so thin, so tremulous? But then he sensed the restlessness of the audience, half heard the slight stirring, could see some turn and look uneasily at each other. His heart began to beat in anger and fear. What was the matter? Then Marianne had finished her first song and polite applause scattered across the aisles.

John stepped forward and strode down to where Elizabeth was sitting. As he walked down towards the footlights he looked up and saw Marianne had caught sight of him. He smiled and tried to send confidence and hope to her. A look of gratitude came into her expression; John could see it. He seated himself, the pianist began the introduction to the second song. This time she began with assurance. John felt that she was looking directly at him, singing directly to him. Sitting, listening, his memory swept John back to that afternoon again when Marianne sang in the half-darkened living room with the snow clouding the window panes, while he stood in the vestibule listening.

SUDDENLY from the stillness around him, from the raptness on people's faces and in their attitudes, he could tell that Marianne was no longer failing. He sank down into a kind of blissful oblivion, his eyes riveted on the slender, beautiful girl on the stage, his ears filled with the strains of the haunting old song, his mind filled with the knowledge that she sang directly to him and to him alone. He knew now why she had done badly on the first number. He could see it all. Marianne had looked distressedly for him in the audience, searching out Elizabeth, looking anxiously at the empty seat beside her and wondering if he were coming at all. And he knew that Marianne loved him. Just how or why was not important. But she did. That much he knew.

When the last number on the program had been sung, the crowd stood up and clamored for more. The rafters rang from applause. It was obvious to everyone that Marianne blushed for sheer joy, and everyone loved her for it. She sang three encores, and each time the audience refused to let her go. Finally she made a little speech and told them she was tired, but would repeat just one more song for them. It would be—"Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms—"

Elizabeth had arranged a reception for Marianne at their house after the concert. John wanted to talk to Marianne, to be near her, but somehow he was never alone with her. The evening seemed too short. Before he knew it Marianne had left with the Bartletts, and he and Eliza-

Gown by courtesy of Milgrim, New York

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1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.

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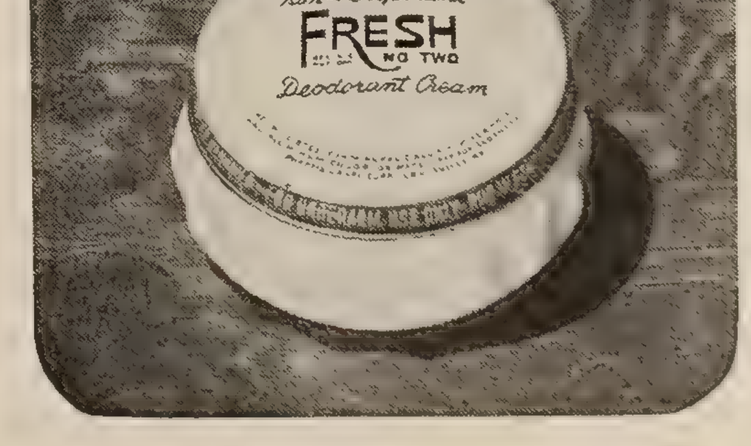

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beth, exhausted, were in bed, drugged with weariness and sleep.

In the morning he awakened to the consciousness of Marianne, but in the rush of his day at the store he was not even able to think of it, to fasten his mind on it and to come to a decision. He knew still more firmly that the decision must be made.

ALL day he expected Marianne to come to his office and in the middle of the afternoon she did.

"You were wonderful," John told her. "That's the biggest success this town has seen in years."

Marianne threw her arms around him impulsively and kissed him. "It was all because of you, John," she said. "I couldn't have done it without your help."

"Yes you could," John said. "I didn't do anything to speak of."

"Then do something for me now," Marianne said. "Help me celebrate. Oh I just can't believe it's really true, that it's really happened." Her eyes sparkled; her young lips, fresh, faintly moist, expressive, made John laugh delightedly.

"I thought we'd celebrated last night."

"Oh that. But that was with everyone. I mean just by ourselves, the two of us."

"Why—" he was about to chide her gently. But he never finished his sentence. His eyes swept the desk, seeing only routine, dull, binding work that could wait, then back to Marianne's face, eager, expectant.

"Can't we?"

"Why not?" John surrendered to the impulsiveness that stirred within him. He took his hat, slung his coat over his arm. "Come on, what are you waiting for?" Her arm through his, they hurried out of the office, without a backward glance at the surprised secretary staring after them.

"Cocktails, tea, dancing, what have you?" John turned to Marianne, beside him in the car, a warm woolen blanket wrapped around her legs.

"A ride!" Marianne exclaimed. "A ride in the snow."

"Good." John turned away from the shopping district, out towards the River Road.

"I didn't get a chance last night," Marianne said, "to tell you how much I liked everything—the flowers and the people, the auditorium, and you, sitting there listening to me."

John gripped the steering wheel harder, until his knuckles showed white. "Why did you like to have me sitting there?" he asked quietly.

Marianne's long lashes brushed against her cheek. "Because you knew what I was trying to say."

"What were you trying to say?" John said evenly.

Just then they came to a level place beside the road where the snow had been cleared away. Now—now was the time to decide. John pulled the car off the road and stopped it just above the river bank. Finally Marianne spoke.

"You know what I was trying to say, darling. That I love you and need you."

In spite of himself, in spite of his foreknowledge, John felt a sense of shock. "Marianne, you mustn't say that!"

Marianne's lower lip quivered a little. "I must because it's true."

John put his arms around her and drew her toward him. Her head fell

on his shoulder so that the little hat she wore was pushed back and her soft fragrant hair brushed against John's cheek and filled his nostrils with its perfume.

There was a catch in his throat. "Don't forget Elizabeth."

"I'm not forgetting Elizabeth. Why do you think I am sad?"

John put his hand against the side of her face as it lay against his shoulder. It came away with the ghosts of tears clinging to it. "Don't cry, darling," he said. "It's all right. You don't have to cry."

He was shaken, deeply disturbed. Marianne was young, unutterably, achingly desirable and she loved him. To many men that would have been enough. To John it was a signal of danger. She drew him and attracted him. He wanted her from the bottom of his heart. Yet he pulled the car back on the road, letting Marianne stay inside the circle of his arm.

The sun had gone down now and they drove back in silence. In a few minutes Marianne took out a small white handkerchief and dried her tears. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to cry. But John, dear, what's going to happen to us?"

John kept his eyes fastened on the road. "I don't know, Marianne, I don't know. Last night, when you sang, I knew then what had happened to us." He moved his arm impatiently.

"I'm almost old enough to be your father," he continued, half to himself. "I'm a settled, respectable business man with a wife and two children and a household to look after. You're young and gay—and very beautiful—and wonderful to be with. And I know, too, what people will say. But none of that seems to mean anything, Marianne. I just don't know."

Marianne forced a smile to her lips and linked her arm through John's as he drove. But her voice was tremulous. "You know I love you, John, and anything you say or do will be all right with me."

AFTER he had left Marianne he drove home, and alone in the car he faced for the first time the thing he must do. He had heard so many times of men his age—in their thirties—finding a young girl, and leaving their wives and families. John had never had sympathy for them. Yet here he was—at the same crossroads. He could ask Elizabeth for a divorce, marry Marianne and try to grow young again—forget his age and all he had done. Or he could say goodbye to Marianne and settle again into that easy, padded routine that had become his life.

It was really a choice between youth and age, he faced. How could he be long in doubt?

John had forgotten that it was Christmas Eve. There were things to be done at home, things that must be done to keep the children happy. And yet when he got there he had no heart for these simple little tasks.

The instant Elizabeth saw him, she asked him to come upstairs to their room. She sat down in the small chintz-covered chair in front of the window and as she did so, John realized how perfectly arranged, how nicely run his whole household was, how lovely in her fine, mature way Elizabeth had become. Here it was again—the choice between this old life of his, settled, orderly, arranged for his special benefit and

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pleasure, run to suit his needs—and the new, untried, challenging life with Marianne.

Elizabeth sat there white-faced, calm, in complete possession of herself. "I know how you feel, John," she said. "You don't need to tell me. A blind person could have seen last night when Marianne sang. I've been waiting for you to come to me. I knew you would."

"Yes, Elizabeth," John said. "I've come to you. Only—" he paused unhappily. "I can't tell you how my mind will go or what I'll do. I don't know myself." He leaned against the door jamb and he felt suddenly weak and resistless. He wanted to pour it all out to Elizabeth, to tell her of the lift and excitement he felt in Marianne. He wanted to tell her that many times he found himself doing things that he hadn't done for years. He felt young again, that was it, with Marianne. And with Elizabeth he felt old and solid and respectable. "I wonder if you realize—" he began.

"You don't need to talk, John," Elizabeth said quietly. "I think I know how you feel, and John, it's up to you. I want you to know that. You know that I desire your happiness more than anything else and if you could find that happiness with someone else, then—" She stopped and clenched her hand on the arm of the chair. "But I can't talk about it. I won't have a scene, and tonight, on Christmas Eve, with Carol bubbling over and Joy wide-eyed, I've got to attend to them. So—" her voice trailed off, "I wish you'd go away until you know." She bowed her head.

John stood there a moment looking at Elizabeth, looking at the room in which they had been so happy. Then he turned on his heel without a word, went downstairs, still looking about him at the house which had become a symbol of the life they led. At the front door he paused for a moment and looked back from the dark of the night into the lighted living room with the big tree blazing with lights, red, green and blue, in the corner. Even here there were sounds from within—sounds of life and activity in the kitchen—the movement and stir of a family. John strode away, got into his car and drove off into the night.

THE age-old Christmas festival went on, and took up, that night and day, the attentions of half the civilized world. Across the ocean the battle raged, but even the warriors made obeisance to the festival of Christmas and halted the war in deference to it.

In the morning the sun came up and smiled on a world in which the people had become conscious of the simple virtues of love and good-will. It smiled on John Perry as he stood at noon in the same spot and looked into the holly-wreathed windows of the living room. He put his key in the lock, turned it slowly and pushed open the door.

Little Carol heard the sound. "Daddy," she screamed, and in an instant she was upon him—all dimpled little legs, tousled black hair and flashing brown eyes. "I've been waiting for you. Mommy said you would be here pretty soon."

"She did?" John said eagerly.

"Yes. She's upstairs, Daddy. I think she wants to see you, too. But afterwards will you come right down?"

"Yes, yes, I will," John said. He put her down and raced up the steps two at a time.

Elizabeth met him at the door to their room. She said nothing, but she smiled. John took her gratefully in his arms.

"You were expecting me?" he said.

"Yes, of course," she said. "I always expect you. Did you see Marianne?"

John was humble. "Yes, I took her to dinner last night and told her—"

"Told her what?"

"That I loved you and that I couldn't leave you—or Carol or Joy or even Granny."

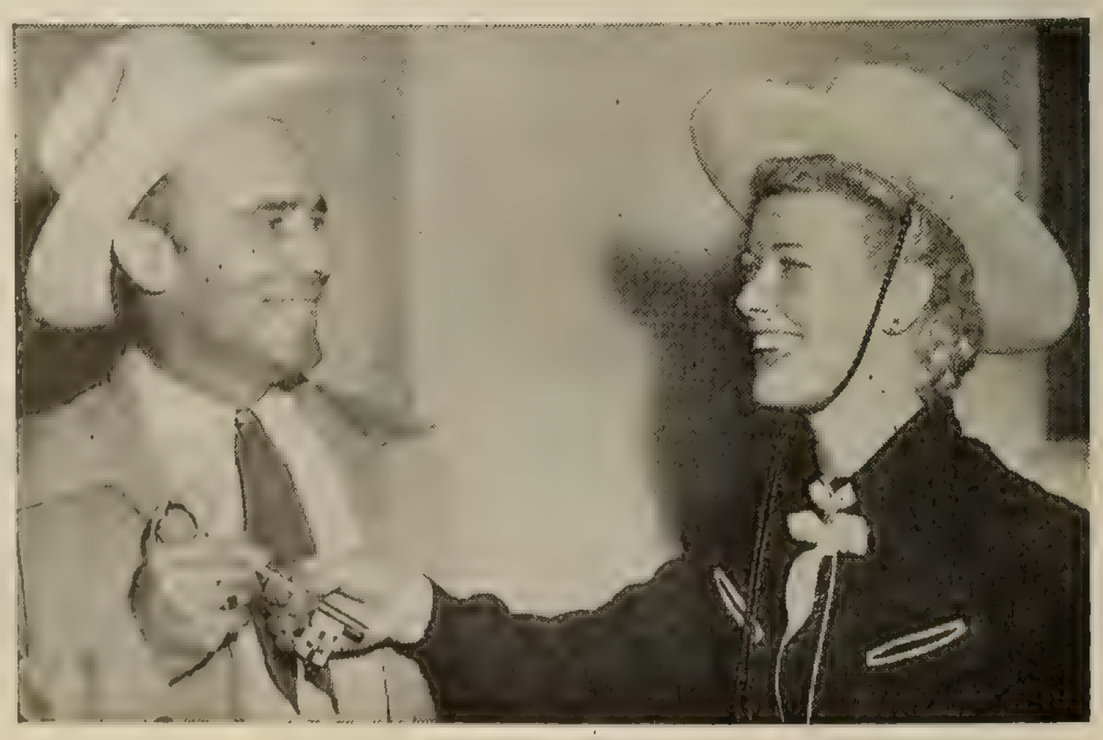
That evening, after the children had been put to bed and Granny was in the kitchen fussing with food for the next day, John and Elizabeth sat in the pleasant disorder of the living room littered with toys of the children, old wrappings, Christmas cards and pine needles. They talked.

"I could see it coming," Elizabeth said. "Marianne had a very deep crush on you, darling. That's what I get for having such an attractive husband."

John reddened a little. "I guess it comes to every man some time. When he's settled and secure with his wife and family he begins to have a doubt and if some young girl comes along who admires him and likes him and flatters him, he's apt to take her seriously."

Elizabeth nodded. "I know," she said. "But let's not mention it any more, darling. I'm so glad you came back—I really knew you would."

"I think I did, too, deep inside," John said. And he was grateful for the warmth that came to his heart when he looked around him at the pleasant litter in the room, but most of all he was grateful when he looked at Elizabeth.



Bob Wills of the Texas Playboys is co-star with radio's Blondie (Penny Singleton) in "Go West Young Lady," the new Columbia film.

Kate Hopkins

(*Continued from page* 13) daughter —to make my homecoming the merrier?"

Jessie's old face—in spite of her seventy years, it still held a memory of the beauty that had made her the idol of the London stage—flushed. "I told you, Robert, I didn't invite them. They descended on me, and if it had been anyone else I'd have begged off. But I used to worship Major Dunham's father—he was the only man I ever loved who didn't love me—and old affections die hard."

"It doesn't matter," Robert said. "Nothing matters, now I'm free. You really can't imagine, Mother and Kate, how it feels to stand trial for murder —and then be acquitted!"

But it hadn't been a real acquittal, Kate thought wearily. How could Robert be so gay about it? A clever lawyer—the absence of any real proof that Robert had been Elise's murderer—a well-timed motion to dismiss the case against him—and he was free. But not proved innocent. Even the judge, dismissing the case, had intimated from the bench that he believed Robert guilty; and certainly everyone in that crowded courtroom had believed it, too.

MORE important than what the judge believed was what Tom, Kate's own son, believed. Only that afternoon he had said, "I don't want you to be unhappy, Mother. The judge practically called him a murderer who couldn't be brought to justice. You don't think so. Perhaps I don't think so—"

"You do think so," she had said.

He hadn't denied it. Instead, he said, "The whole world will. And if you're married to him, you know what that'll mean."

"Do you think a thing like that would stop me, Tom?"

"No," Tom admitted. "It wouldn't stop me, either. But it wouldn't make you happy."

A little impatiently, hearing him talk of happiness—he was so young; it was hard to believe he was old enough to have married Diane—she said, "People don't live to be happy. They live the way they have to because of their characters, the times, the opportunities . . . I know the real reason you don't want me to marry Robert Atwood. It's because you're my son, and in your mind I'm permitted to have only two genuine feelings—mother love and respectability. I'm also a woman who's not very old. But I'm willing to forget that, if only you'll be frank with me. Tom, you wouldn't want your mother married to a man the world thought was a murderer, would you? You wouldn't want people thinking that your mother and this man had schemed to marry you off to Diane—had planned, executed, a crime. True or not, you wouldn't want people believing it, would you? Would you?"

Sullenly, Tom said, "You can't stop people from thinking."

"Oh, Tom," she pleaded, "tell me what *you* think. Say it out!"

"No," his honesty made him say, "I wouldn't."

And that was all Kate wanted to know.

In Robert's jail cell, one afternoon before the trial, she and Robert had planned for the future when he should be acquitted. (*Continued on page* 61)

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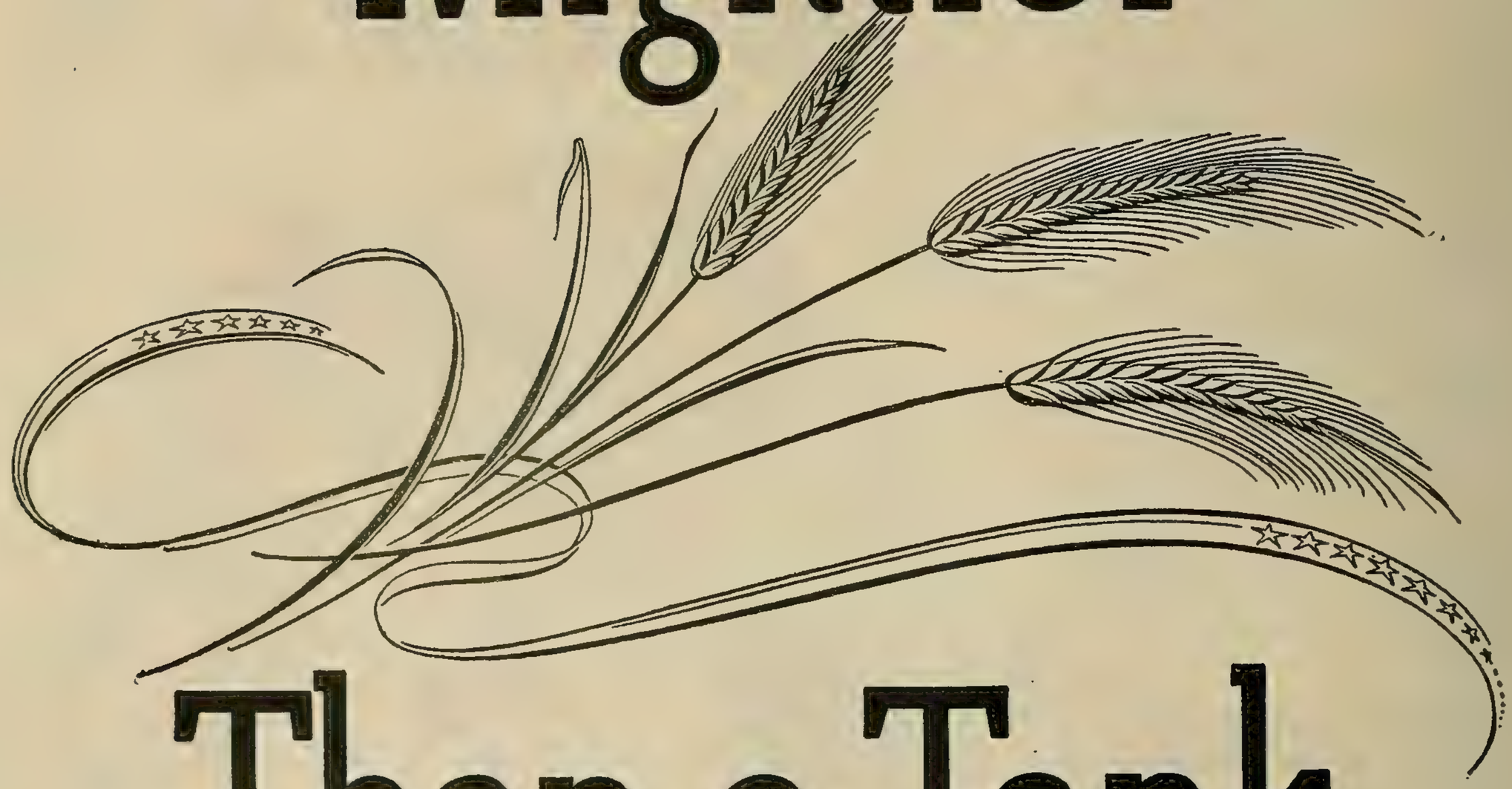

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Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

(*Continued from page* 59) They would be married, find solace together after all the unbelievable horror of the present. But now—nothing was as they had planned. Robert was free, but with the burden of guilt weighing him down until—if ever—the real murderer should be found. He knew it, too; otherwise he would not be talking with this hectic gayety, so foreign to his nature. He thought he could forget the world and its opinions, push them both out of his mind into oblivion. But he couldn't, any more than Kate could push aside the memory of Tom's miserable face.

She looked up, and saw Robert watching her keenly, as if he knew what was passing through her mind, and was rather glad that Jessie Atwood was present; glad, too, that just then Major Lawrence Dunham and his thirteen-year-old daughter Nancy entered the room. She knew little of Major Dunham, except that he was connected with the British Army and was soon to leave for London. A month or more ago, before all this business of Elise's death had come up, Jessie had written him, inviting him to stay a week at Atwood House. His actual arrival, with Nancy, was a surprise: "Of course the darling doesn't read sensational murder stories in the newspapers or he wouldn't have come just now," Jessie had explained.

MAJOR DUNHAM was a spare, sandy-haired man whose speech and features were both dry and clipped, and Nancy was a child out of a picture-book—lovely, fragile, with eyes as blue as the lupin in one of her own English hedgerows. But tonight neither of them existed for Kate except as buffers against the inevitable moment when Robert would come to her and ask that a date be set for their wedding.

That moment came after dinner, when Nancy had been sent to bed and Jessie and Major Dunham had bent their heads over a backgammon-board. Robert stood at one of the long windows leading to the terrace, and with his eyes called to her to follow him. She could not have refused.

They did not speak at once. A moon like an orange bursting with juice hung over the live-oaks, but its light could not penetrate the shadows at the foot of the drive, where it skirted the bayou. Robert sighed. "But it hasn't changed, none of it. When I was in jail I used to think, the moment I'm free I'll walk out into the air and say—I'm free again. And I thought everything would be different—brighter, and cleaner. But the world doesn't look any better to me now than it did before. It looks worse."

"Because of what the judge said," Kate told him.

Robert turned to face her. "No—because of you."

"Because of—me?"

"I must have a vile streak of romance in my nature, Kate. It was going to be the end of one of those fine stories—the innocent man with the shadow lifted from his name rejoins his loved one in the sunny world of men. But the world of men isn't sunny, it's gray. And the loved one—you—looks a little unrejoinable."

"Robert—dearest—you know that's not true. It's only your own depression that makes you say it. You feel the stigma of being freed without

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"I don't feel it at all!" he rapped out savagely. "The devil with what the judge thought, or what anyone thinks! But you're a very conventional woman, Kate. *You* feel the stigma, right enough."

She was about to deny this, but again the memory of Tom stood between her and what she wished to say. Instead, she heard herself speaking the truth: "I come of very simple people, Robert, very law-abiding, very solemn. It's hard for me not to—not to let the opinion of other decent people count with me. Harder still to isolate myself in a little kingdom of my own and tell the rest of the world to stew in its own juice."

ROBERT flung his cigarette away and fumbled a new one from his case. "Conventional!" he said. "I told you! And puritanical too."

"Robert—I love you," Kate said, striving to bring her disordered emotions into some kind of coherence. "I want to marry you. But not now. Can't we wait—until all this has been forgotten, maybe until the real murderer has been found—"

"Wait until it's easy for you to marry me, is that it? Until your New England conscience stops bothering you?" Robert turned away.

It was useless to talk to him in this mood. He was determined to torture himself, and her. She would leave him, and perhaps tomorrow—

Halfway to the door she hesitated, turned back, unwilling to part on this note of indecisive conflict. But Robert had not moved; he was still looking away toward the bayou, resentment surrounding him like an armor, and her outstretched hand dropped. She went back into the house and up to her own room.

In the morning she learned that she had missed a precious instant that might never return. Robert had gone to New Orleans before the rest of the house was awake, leaving a letter for her:

"My dear Kate—The introduction is purely formal since it's evidently untrue. I don't know why I'm even writing to tell you this, except that having known you has put me in the habit of making explanations for my actions. I realize what a donkey I was to believe myself in love with you. It's like loving last Sunday's sermon, because you're nothing but a moral platitude masquerading as a woman. Well—I did love you, if I may use that absurd word. I thought we were going to be married. But last night I realized that despite the fact no case could be proven against me, in the public eye I'm guilty of Elise's death—and you think enough of your public reputation not to want to marry me. When you get this, I'll be off somewhere on a long vacation, from which I may or may not return. Robert."

"I won't try to persuade you to stay," Jessie Atwood said on the day after Robert's departure. "You have a perfect right to hate this place, Kate. Robert treated you badly—"

"Perhaps not as badly as I treated him." Kate was packing, and Jessie sat in the easy chair by the window in Kate's room. Through the open window came the cheerful click of croquet balls from the lawn below, where Major Dunham and Nancy were playing. "I don't even know, any longer, who treated who badly. I only know I'm useless here, and that I can't walk into a room without being reminded of Robert. I want to close off everything that's happened at Atwood from the rest of my life and forget, if I can, how badly I bungled things."

"I know," Jessie agreed. "I've felt that way many times. When it comes to bungling things I'm practically a champion. But—" She broke off, leaning forward to look out of the window. "Curious, Kate. Have you noticed how that child never laughs, never even smiles except politely? It's unnatural, at thirteen!"

"Nancy? . . . No, I don't think I have," Kate said abstractedly. "She seems a nice child, though."

"She's a darling! It must break her father's heart to leave her in the United States. But of course he can't take her with him to London . . . Kate?"

"Yes?"

"It's so hard for him—he can't leave her just anywhere. I wish—I'd like to keep her here at Atwood—if you would stay too."

"No! Please—I can't!" It was not a refusal; it was a heartbroken cry, a plea for sympathy and for forgiveness too. "I wish I could, but it's too hard—"

"Yes. I understand. And I don't blame you. This place has caused you enough unhappiness."

"It isn't that," Kate faltered. "You've been so very good to me, and I've loved you for it. Only—please be good to me once more. Let me go."

The old woman pursed her lips sadly, resignedly. "Yes—well, as I said, I can't blame you. Do what you have to do, Kate."

SHE would leave by the first train the next morning. That afternoon she wandered out of the house, into the garden. Here was the tree, the spot of grass, where Robert had sat so many days when he was ill and she was nursing him, those days when unwillingly they first realized they loved each other. She sank down on the bench, letting futile regret have its way with her—

It was almost with irritation that she discovered she was not quite alone. On the other side of the bench which circled the big tree, Nancy Dunham had been quietly reading; now she came around and looked at Kate, smiling timidly, uncertainly.

"Hello, Nancy," Kate said, striving to speak naturally. "I didn't know you were there. Do you like Atwood?"

"Very much indeed," the child said in her polite, mature English way. "I shall hate to leave it." With a quick movement, she sat down beside Kate. "You're going away tomorrow," she said.

"Yes . . ."

"I'm sorry," Nancy said simply. "Mrs. Hopkins, you shouldn't be so sad."

Startled, Kate really looked at Nancy for the first time. No, she was not being impudent or forward. There was sympathy in those limpid, candid eyes, a sincere desire to help.

"I seem sad to you?" she asked.

"Of course. But you mustn't be. I was sad too, at first, because there was nothing I could do to help. But Daddy showed me how wrong I was. He says it will all be over some time, and then things will be ever

so much better than they were before—"

"It will all be over? What in the world do you mean?"

"Why—the war," Nancy said, in surprise at having to point out anything so obvious.

Kate stared, dumbly. And in the silence a flush crept up into her face. She could feel it, a rosy banner of humiliation.

TO this child, steeped in the atmosphere of war, it was inconceivable that any tragedy other than that all-engulfing one was worth a moment's sorrow. Seeing Kate's sadness, she had supposed at once that it was—that it could be—caused by but one thing, thought of the world's travail. Who knew what griefs lay behind Nancy to bring her this point of view?—the death of a brother, the bombing of a loved home, the rude and brutal smashing of a whole existence and life-plan? Not Kate—she did not know, because she had been too deeply absorbed in her own troubles, which seemed now so small and unimportant.

"I cried like anything," Nancy was saying, "when Daddy told me he was going to leave me in the States and go back to London. But he told me I was helping Hitler that way, because it would worry him and keep him from doing his very best work. So now I won't feel badly, no matter where Daddy decides to leave me, because Daddy's work is really the only thing that matters."

"Is it very important, this work of your father's?" Kate asked weakly.

"Oh yes, *very* important, but very secret. Even *I* don't know what it is," Nancy assured her. "But I just wanted to tell you, Mrs. Hopkins, when I saw you looking so unhappy, Daddy always says we mustn't be downhearted, but must just fight back the best way we can. I hope you don't mind?" she added, a little apprehensively.

"Mind? *Mind?*" Kate laughed tremulously. "Heavens, Nancy, you've done me more good than you can possibly imagine. If you'll believe it, I was doing something I've sworn I'd never do. I was thinking my troubles were the only ones in the world."

But Nancy had done more than show her that they weren't, Kate reflected. There was another, more personal truth, still only dimly apparent. How she and Robert had come about their misunderstanding didn't matter now, really. The important thing was to "fight back," as Nancy had said—not to run away from Atwood because life here had defeated her momentarily, but to stay and wait until the decisive moment when she could grapple with it again. "I've never been a coward before," Kate thought. "I'm not going to begin now." Robert could not stay away forever.

"You'd like to stay here in Atwood, you said, didn't you?" she asked.

"Oh! yes, very much. It's so lovely!"

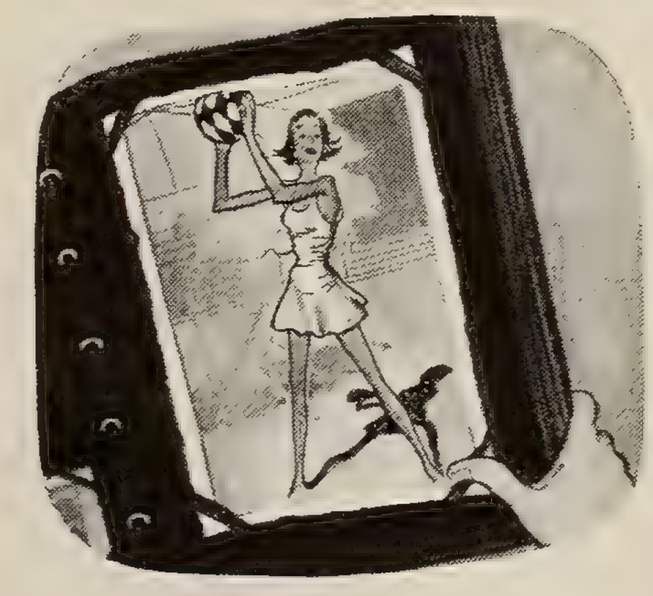
"Well," Kate said, standing up, "I should think that could be easily arranged, and I'm sure your father would be delighted, knowing he wouldn't have to worry about you at all while he's in London. Come with me—we'll go talk to Mrs. Atwood!"

Follow Kate Hopkins' romantic life by tuning in daily at 2:45 P.M. E.S.T., over CBS, for further exciting chapters.

"In those days they called me The Wreck of the Hesperus"

"Don't believe it. It's impossible. It can't be you, my good-looking friend. Never!"

"You're nice and polite. But there I am, skinny, homely, and tired-looking. Why, I even . . . "



"Even what? Tell me more!"

"I got used to it! Thought it normal, until I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"That's over my head."

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon . . . "

"My Cinderella girl! I get it. But I don't get the tomato juice part."

"That's the new way to take FLEISCHMANN'S. Listen! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. Divine!"

Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are *natural* sources, such as yeast and liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the important vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, B_1, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go right into the bread.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast
For Natural Vitamin B Complex

Love Is Kind

(*Continued from page* 27) in boredom. . . . The scores of dinner parties we were always giving, at which the guests were all people Bob knew and I didn't.

And I thought, too, of the brief moments of flaming desire, beautiful in themselves, that Bob and I had known together. Yet . . . apart from those moments, were we ever really intimate? Did we ever know, or care, what the other was thinking, feeling? I cared, but did not know—and Bob, it came to me, did neither.

"Why do you look so angry?"

It was Wells Harrison, speaking insinuatingly at my side. I'd forgotten his presence, and now I looked at him, a little surprised at the acuteness of his observation.

"I was thinking," I said. "I didn't know it was so obvious."

"I don't like to see a beautiful woman being unhappy." He leaned closer, and I caught the odor of whiskey on his breath. His gaze traveled past me and rested for a moment, significantly, on Bob out on the dance floor; then returned to me.

I drew away, angry because he had guessed some of my thoughts, angry too at his intimation that if I was unhappy it was because of Bob.

"Your husband is making a remarkable career for himself in Wall Street," he went on. "He works very hard—I suppose it must be lonely for you."

"Not particularly," I said, wishing the music would stop and Bob return. I wasn't flattered by his obvious efforts to flirt with me, only bored and disgusted. All at once, looking up, I saw Martie Reynolds coming into the club. It was like an answer to prayer. He caught sight of me, smiled, began threading his way through the tables toward me.

IN the few seconds before he reached the table, I realized how terribly I had been missing him. I had deliberately stopped seeing him, knowing that Bob expected and wanted me to do so. But the loss of his friendship had left a hole in my life that nothing else could fill. I needed his calm sanity, his humor, his tolerance. More than anything, I needed the way his thoughts had always seemed to meet mine.

More than ever, seeing Martie, I knew that Bob and I had never really talked to each other. Our marriage had been purely physical. We could speak to each other only in the language of love. We had never once discussed anything—and I remembered with a pang the long talks Martie and I used to have, about people, the way to sing a song, the right of men to wear mustaches, President Roosevelt, anything and everything from the important to the absurdly trivial. Martie had always listened to my opinions, but they irritated Bob. He didn't want me to have one thought that wasn't his.

Martie was standing beside the table, holding my hand in his, smiling and glancing curiously at Wells Harrison. I introduced them, and Martie sat down.

"What in the world are you doing here?" I asked him.

He nodded toward the bandstand. "Matter of business. I may take this girl singer under my wing."

"Oh," I said, a little dashed but try-

ing not to show it because Martie was watching me with sly amusement. He *would* know it had never occurred to me that he'd look for someone to take my place. I said defiantly, "It's been a whole year since I left you. You haven't been in a hurry to start a new Trilby on her way."

A little sombrely, he said, "I was never a Svengali to you, Judith. I never had to be."

I felt a warm surge of regret. He'd missed me, too, and he'd been hurt because I'd stopped seeing him after my marriage.

Wells Harrison was looking sulky, and I was glad. I hoped he'd get bored enough to go away. But he didn't, and Martie and I exchanged commonplace conversation until Bob returned with the other girl.

He stopped short when he recognized Martie. "Oh—hello, Reynolds," he said guardedly, and did not offer to shake hands. I blushed for his rudeness as Martie, perfectly composed, stood up and said goodbye.

NOT LONG after, to my relief, we left—and I realized, in the car, that I was afraid to mention Martie to Bob, afraid to express my resentment at the way Bob had acted. I was afraid because I knew words would make this bad matter worse.

Bob broke in on my wry thoughts. "How'd you like Harrison?" he asked. "Great old guy, isn't he?"

I was too tired and dispirited to be tactful. "I didn't like him much," I said. "He tried to make love to me."

Bob laughed sarcastically. "Don't be the kind of woman," he said, "that imagines every man that tries to be polite is making passes."

I drew my evening cloak closer around my shoulders. As if it could protect me against the hurt of Bob's words!

"You ought to know I'm not that kind of woman," I said, wishing we were home, or, failing that, wishing we could drive the rest of the way in silence. We were both on edge, I thought, all too ready for a quarrel.

"Well, just don't get Harrison sore, that's all. I need him. With his help—" his voice lost some of its vexation and became more enthusiastic—"I can put over a deal that'll really land us in the money. So kid him along, if you want a new mink coat."

As always, when he spoke of his work, of making money, he was alive, happy. I sighed. "I don't want one, particularly," I said. "And haven't we enough money already? We both have everything we need."

"Nobody ever has enough money," he insisted. "But we'll have a lot of it if my plans with Harrison work out. And," he threw a quick, impatient look at me, "for God's sake stop acting like a tragedy queen! I don't know what got into you tonight. We were supposed to have some fun!"

"Yes," I murmured, but so low I don't believe he heard. "We should have had fun."

We drove the few remaining miles without speaking, and undressed and went to bed with only a constrained "good night." Bob fell asleep quickly, but I lay with eyes closed against the strengthening dawn light, and tried not to think. I was grateful for just one thing: at least we hadn't argued about Martie Reynolds. And yet he must have been in both our minds.

At last I fell asleep, and woke after Bob had gone to the office. That was one thing about him I never could understand—no matter how late he was in getting to bed he always seemed able to start to work at the usual time the next day. Thinking of this, though, I remembered something else. On week-ends, when we might have had real companionship together, Bob was always too tired to do anything but sit in an easy-chair surrounded by the Sunday papers—unless we were entertaining some of his friends.

If only passion had held us together from the very first, I wondered, was even that slender tie weakening now? Looking back, I could not help seeing that Bob was less attentive now, in all the small ways that a woman treasures so, than he had been just after our marriage.

IN a panic, I saw myself like the wives I met at the Country Club—bored, idle, shut out of their husbands' lives now that the first glow of romance had faded, and, from necessity, devoting themselves to bridge, gossip, matinees, shopping and an occasional defiant flirtation or infidelity.

But I wouldn't be like them, I determined, clenching my hands into fists and walking up and down the luxurious bedroom out of sheer inability to be still. I would fill my life with interest in spite of Bob—I would not be so wholly dependent on his love, so much in danger of desolation if that love were withdrawn. Or if, I could not help adding, it became valueless to me.

I had always wanted children, planned on having them. Now I

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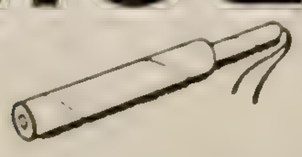

The Modess Tampons

mustn't waste any more time.

But Bob, when I told him I wanted a child, was violently opposed to the idea. "We've only been married a year," he argued. "Why do you want to tie yourself down so soon? Have some fun first!"

This insistence on having fun! I suppressed the desire to ask him what he meant by fun, and pleaded instead, "But we do want children sometime, and wouldn't it be best to have them now, while we're young too, and can enjoy them?"

"It'll be a long time yet before we're really old," he said; and then, coming closer and putting his hands on my shoulders, he added in the deep voice that never—even now—failed to thrill me: "Don't you know the real reason I don't want you to have a baby? It's because I can't bear to think of having to share you."

I held him close, once more sure of his adoration. Again, for the moment, I felt the blessed, sure sense of rightness that had been with me on our honeymoon.

ONLY later, when the moment had passed, I wondered more sanely: did Bob dread sharing me because he loved me—or only because I was *his*, one of his possessions, something to show off to others like his new car or the new, bigger house he talked of building if his business with Wells Harrison went through?

We were seeing a great deal of Wells Harrison now. Much more than I wanted to see. It was dinner, dancing, football games, weekend trips—always with Wells and some girl, never the same one more than twice. The presence of his feminine partners never stopped him, though, from making it plain in his clumsy way that he preferred me. I parried his advances as well as I could, but the time came when I couldn't keep up the farce any longer.

He came to the house one afternoon, unannounced, when I was alone. Even now, I don't like to think of that hour—of his perfunctory explanation, which he did not trouble to make convincing, that he had been driving past and decided to drop in for a drink, of his complaint that I spent all my time avoiding him, of his attempt to take me in his arms, to kiss me—

Remembering it all, I shudder now with the same horrid distaste I felt then. It was physically impossible for me to do anything but push him away, so fiercely that he could not help seeing how much I loathed him.

When he had gone, red-faced and angry, I cried hysterically. Bob found me, an hour later, huddled in a corner of the huge sofa, still shaken with sobs. I clung to him, too upset at first to tell him what had happened, grateful for the tenderness of his embrace.

"But darling, what happened? Why are you crying?" he kept asking, and at last I explained.

"Wells Harrison—he came here while you were away—tried to make love to me—"

His arms slackened, his body drew away, and looking up I saw that his face had gone white.

"What did you do?" he asked tensely.

"I got rid of him—I told him to go away and never come back. He's horrible, Bob, horrible. . . ."

Abruptly Bob released me entirely and stood up. I couldn't read his face in the instant that I saw it before he turned his back to me—I only knew that he was deep in thought, and that his thoughts were not of me.

He took a few steps toward the telephone, put out his hand to take the instrument up—then withdrew it with a shake of his head and a muttered, "No, it wouldn't do any good to call him."

"Bob—what's the matter?" I asked.

But somehow—I knew.

My words seemed to break the control he'd been keeping upon himself. He whirled about and almost shouted, "Good Lord, Judith, couldn't you have handled this thing better? I told you— And right now, the worst possible time! You shouldn't have—"

He broke off, biting his lips.

In the silence that followed, all the love I had had for him withered and died.

"You mean I should have encouraged him—let him make love to me?" I said dully. "So he would help you make money? Is that what you mean?"

"Of course not!" he said defensively. "I don't mean anything of the sort—just that you knew what was at stake and you could have been more tactful. After all, a girl with your experience—I thought you knew how to handle men. Or maybe," his voice grew hard and brittle, "you liked Martin Reynolds better."

I caught my breath. But the shock of seeing him reveal himself so thoroughly was so great it drove out my anger, leaving me numb, frozen. I had never known this man, until now.

"Yes," I said. The soft carpet sank under my feet as I stood up. "Yes, I liked Martin Reynolds much better. I still do. Good bye, Bob."

DAZEDLY I walked out of the room, out of the house, pausing only to take a coat from the hall closet. I wanted to take with me nothing that belonged to my life with Bob.

When I had gone perhaps a hundred yards from the house I remembered that I had no money. But there was a cab stand in the village—and Martie would pay the fare.

It was dusk when the cab deposited me in front of the New York apartment house where Martie lived. I hurried through the lobby, into the elevator. It occurred to me that Martie might not be home, but I put the thought aside. He would be—he *must* be.

He was. He opened the door himself, and stepped back with quick eagerness to let me enter.

"I'm back, Martie," I said simply. "I took a taxi into town, but I haven't any money. Will you pay for it, please?"

It was like Martie not to ask questions, but to step quietly to the house telephone and send word to the doorman to pay the driver, then turn and, still matter-of-factly, say, "Do you want to go back to work?"

"Yes, I—oh, Martie, there's nothing left for me *but* work!" And for the second time that day I began to cry—but this storm of weeping was not the hysterical torment of a few hours before, it brought with it a queer kind of comfort.

Martie waited while I cried myself out. "You've left him?" he asked at last, but it was hardly a question. "Do you want to tell me about it?"

"I would," I said helplessly, "but what's the use? You know—practically. You've always known it wouldn't work. If I hadn't been so—

mad about him—I'd have known too."

It was almost dark in the big, comfortable, slightly shabby room. Only one lamp, by Martie's easy chair, threw a warm, coppery light. I heard Martie murmur, "I'm sorry it's been so tough on you, Judith—but I won't pretend I'm not glad you're back."

"Martie—you're so good to me. You don't even say, 'I told you so.'"

"Why shouldn't I be good to you?" he asked. "When I love you?"

"You—love me?"

"Of course. I always have. But there was never any sense in telling you—until now." He took me by the hand and led me, unresisting, to the lounge. "You said just now," he went on, "that there wasn't anything left for you but work. That's not true. Not if you don't want it to be."

Deeply moved, I said, "Martie—dearest—you don't have to be so generous with me. I made a mistake, but I can take it—really I can."

"You think I said I loved you just to make you feel better?" he asked, a little reproachfully. "But I always hoped that some day I could tell you that. I never could until now. You had a—well, call it a dream—that always stood in the way."

"A dream?"

"Most women have it, I guess, but only a few are unlucky enough to have it come true." He held one of my hands cradled in both of his, and for once he was speaking without any hint of his old light mockery. "You wanted a knight in shining armor—a story-book hero. And you got him—someone who dazzled you so much with his good looks and charm that you couldn't see past them to the human being underneath."

"But I did love him!" I said. "I wasn't just fooling myself."

"Of course you weren't. You were being fooled—into forgetting that your husband had to be a person as well as a lover. If you'd remembered that, you'd have tried to find out what kind of a person Bob really was—and you might not have made your mistake."

"I don't know . . . I hope not," I said ruefully, knowing how right he was—but knowing, too, how I had fought against letting Bob show me what was beneath his lover's mask.

"Well, you know what kind of a person I am," he said, and though he smiled I caught a hint of anxiety in his voice that told me how much it would really mean to him to have my love. "There's no hope I'll ever be able to fool you into thinking I'm a movie hero."

ON an impulse I couldn't resist I seized the lapels of his coat and buried my face against his chest. From that refuge I said, "Oh, if you only knew what a relief it is to be with you again! I'm so *tired* of trying to hang onto my illusions!"

For the first time, he laughed, and caught me close. Then, with a knowledge of what would be best for me that only Martie could have had, he let me go and stood up. "Now, about putting you back to work," he said briskly, "I think that'll be easy. You know—I decided not to sign up that girl I went to hear the night I saw you," he confessed. "She wasn't much good."

I smiled, and said nothing. But I felt that warm, satisfied feeling of being home again. Wherever Martie was, that was my home. I knew that now.

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Superman in Radio

(*Continued from page* 7) there, he was able to track his quarry to a second hand automobile agency. But even more disturbing was the report Superman got when he asked a policeman about roads to San Francisco:

"Mister, don't you try to make that trip. See that black cloud out yonder? That's a dust storm! Your life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel if you tried to get through that! I've seen people brought in off the prairie after one of those dust storms. They weren't pleasant to look at."

Lois was out there in that howling wilderness with Huffman! And Superman did not know that Huffman, in an hysterical attempt to lighten the car so he could get through had, cruelly, inhumanly, thrown Lois out to suffocate in the storm. Meanwhile, red cloak streaming in the gale, Superman sped across the wasteland. Searching, searching, his x-ray eyes pierced the wall of swirling dust.

"That cop was right—easy to understand what this dust storm would do to an ordinary mortal! I've got a feeling the quicker I get to Lois, the better. If I only knew . . . Wait! There below me—something. . . . Down! Down!"

Lightly, he landed on the dust-churned ground: "Ha!—an automobile, burned to a charred, blackened hulk. But where's Lois? Only one thing could have happened—whoever was driving didn't see this ravine, went right over and the car caught fire!

"Hello! It's Huffman! Poor man—he's paid for all his sins. And here—here is the cause of it all—the Teeth. The Dragon's Teeth, melted and fused together in one piece by the fire." He straightened, suddenly aware that his search had not yet ended. "But where is Lois? She must be close by . . . Over there—what's that? She's still moving, crawling along. Lois!"

Down Superman swooped. Quickly he gathered the girl up in his great arms. Safe at last, she slipped into unconsciousness. Though the secret of the Dragon's Teeth had been lost, a murderer had been brought to justice and Lois was safe from harm!

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Woman of Courage

(*Continued from page* 37) desperately, clinging to a faith deep within herself, Martha put off the hour when she would sit in the cold, impersonal office of a stranger and tell the story of her most intimate life. A day, a second day, passed but Jim did not again question her about the divorce. Lying sleepless, her mind going back tortuously over every familiar aspect of her heartache, Martha saw the reflection of a downstairs light on the tree outside her window. Nor did it go out as the night progressed. It was there the next night, and the next, so she knew Jim was not sleeping either.

On the fourth night she had to act, fearing that Jim, alone at night, was nursing an illness or a mental hurt that he hid during the day. Quietly, a little timidly, she went downstairs. For a moment outside his door, she stood listening, holding her breath for the courage she needed to raise her hand and knock on the door.

"Come in!" Jim called.

MARTHA pushed the door slowly, blinking in the sudden light. Jim was still dressed. He looked tired, but somehow, happy. His bed, the desk, the floor were all covered with papers.

"I—I thought you might be ill—need something," Martha said.

"No," Jim said, a little shamefacedly, as though he'd been discovered at something foolish. "I was just seeing whether I still knew how."

"How?" Martha asked. "How to what?"

Jim shuffled the papers on his bed, trying to look as though they were of no consequence, but not quite managing to cover the tenderness with which he handled them.

"Oh, I'm just fooling around," he said casually. "George told me there was going to be an airplane factory here in Farmington and that they were asking for bids from building contractors. I've just been working out some plans and estimates."

"You mean, you're going to put in a bid?" Martha asked. "Why, that's wonderful, Jim."

"Well, no, not exactly," Jim said with a funny, little smile. "That would be pretty pointless, wouldn't it? It's hardly likely they'd give a cripple a contract like that. No—I just got some ideas and started playing around with them."

"But Jim," Martha said, forgetting that it had been a long time since she'd dared to talk to him like this. "You know the Town Council awards those contracts on merit."

"Of course, Martha," Jim said. "But don't you see that the fact that I can't get around on the scaffolds to examine the work, or do any of the running around would automatically kill it for me?"

Somehow, Martha got the feeling that Jim was only bringing up all these objections so she could break them down. She knew, as surely as if he had told her in words, that he wanted that contract, that he wanted her to convince him that he had a chance.

"I don't see how that could influence them so much," Martha said, "if you include in your bid provisions for an assistant who can do the necessary running around. After all, if your bid is the lowest and the most practical, I don't see why anything should prejudice them against you."

"I'd thought of that," Jim said. "But it seemed too complicated."

"Nonsense," Martha said.

"Maybe you're right," Jim said. He looked at the papers and smiled a little wryly. "Such a lot of work," he said. "Seems silly to waste it, doesn't it?"

"Of course," Martha said. "I really think you should try."

"Do you?" Jim asked, and he couldn't hide his eagerness.

"Certainly," Martha smiled. "And suppose you don't get the contract? Neither will lots of others who sent in bids. And I know that if you don't get the contract it won't be because of—of your inability to get around. It will only mean that someone else sent in a lower bid."

"That seems sensible," Jim said. "There's no harm in trying, is there?" His hands were already busy with the papers. "I'll have to hurry to make the deadline," he said.

"I won't bother you any more," Martha said.

Jim looked up suddenly. "Bother?" he murmured abstractedly. "You haven't bothered me, Martha."

Martha almost cried with relief, going back to her room. This was her old Jim, alive, keen on living and working. There had been no strain between them. He seemed to have forgotten all their trouble. He'd actually said that she hadn't bothered

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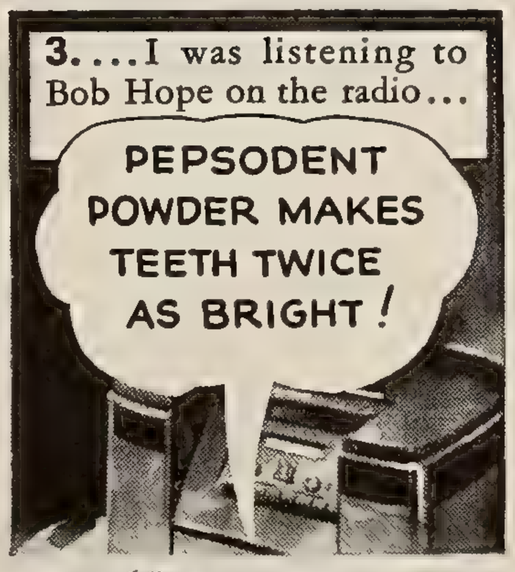
1. Twins are confusing enough. But when one of them deliberately tries to fool a fellow . . . well . . . I was all at sea . . .

2. I'd have popped the question to Joan weeks ago if I'd been sure she wasn't that mischievous twin of hers who never let me be quite sure. Then, one night...



4. So Joan and I decided to turn the tables on her twin sister. Joan switched to Pepsodent Powder. Her twin kept right on using her old brand.

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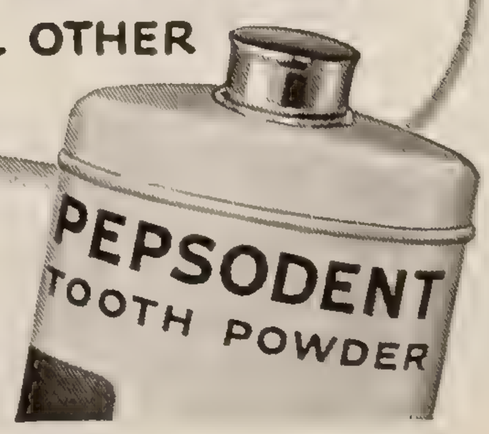

6. Independent laboratory tests proved this fact. No other tooth powder can give Pepsodent's high lustre, because only Pepsodent contains Composite Metaphosphate, the remarkable patented polishing ingredient.

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him. It was a small thing, but it was a step away from the hideous thought of divorce.

Martha mailed the bid the next morning. And in the next few days Jim's behavior made Martha think of the time when he was waiting to go to Dr. Ryan's sanitarium. There was the same anxiety, the same impatience about him. He haunted the street before the house, waiting for the mailman.

And when the letter did come finally, Jim almost knocked over a cracker display in the store in his excitement.

"Jim," Martha said. "Wait. You don't even know whether it's a rejection or not."

Jim beamed around at the customers. "I'll open it inside," he said to Martha. "Come in soon."

Martha, almost as excited as he was, got rid of the customers as quickly as possible and hurried back into the house. Her heart stopped beating when she saw Jim. He was by the fireplace. He had his face in his hands.

"Jim!" she said.

HE looked up, quickly. He was smiling. There were tears in his eyes, but they were tears of happiness. Mutely, he held the letter out to her. Martha read it rapidly. Jim had won the contract! There was a letter from the Town Council and another from the Factory Commission, congratulating Jim on his plans and expressing their pleasure in having a man of his courage working on the factory.

"Oh, Jim!" Martha cried happily.

Jim was watching her tensely. "Martha," he whispered, "can you forgive me? I didn't know what I was doing. Somehow—when Cora told me—I—it seemed that life was over for me. I couldn't think of anything but you tied to a living corpse for years. I couldn't bear that. I—I thought the thing to do was set you free."

"Ssh—" Martha said. "That's all over."

"I don't know how to explain," Jim said. "I was such a fool. And then, when George told me about the factory and I started to work on the plans—I suddenly realized I had nothing left to work for—that I'd destroyed our happiness—driven you away from me. And everything seemed so useless—even living. But that night, when you came downstairs and—and made me believe my bid would be accepted, I—I began to think, to hope—"

"Oh, darling!" Martha said softly. She bent down and kissed him tenderly. "You have been a fool. But so have I, for letting you carry on that way." Jim caught her hand and pressed it to his lips. "Promise me, Jim," Martha said, "that nothing like this will ever happen again, no doubts, no drifting apart. Darling, we're not alive without each other."

He pulled her down on his lap. His arms were strong about her and Martha forgot she was the mother of a seventeen year old daughter. She abandoned herself to Jim's embraces and she thought that this was like coming home after a long and perilous journey.

After a while, Martha remembered the world and, more specifically her store. She laughed. "What would people think if they saw us like this, making love!" And then, she thought that she didn't care what people would think. The weeks of doubt and misery were over and Jim was hers again, a new Jim, with vitality and courage and love for her.

THE next morning, Martha finished her work in the store very quickly and easily. She hummed to herself and thought how nature and God had conspired to celebrate her new happiness. The day was brilliant with sunlight and vibrant with the singing activity of the birds and the busy hum of trucks and cars on the streets.

Cora came in to take care of the store, while Martha went to the bank on business and Martha kissed her sister-in-law impetuously. "Jim's got the contract to build the airplane factory," she said. "And we're not going to talk about divorces again, as long as we live. And I love the whole world!"

Cora flushed. "I'm glad," she said.

As Martha stepped out to the street, George's car stopped at the curb.

"Can I take you somewhere?" George asked.

Martha was glad to see him. She wanted him to be among the first to know about Jim's good fortune. "I'm just going to the bank," she said gayly. "But I did want to see you. I want to talk to you."

"I want to talk to you, too," George said.

Martha got into the front seat. "Have you heard?" she asked. "About Jim's getting the contract?"

"Yes," George said. "I'm glad he got it."

"Isn't it wonderful?" Martha said. "He's so happy. It's like a new lease on life for him. And we owe it all to you, George. I want to thank you, only I don't know how."

"No, please," George said. "You don't understand."

Martha was surprised by his serious tone. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed that they had passed the bank and were on their way out along the road to Sunset Hill. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"Just out a ways," George said. "I've got to talk to you, Martha."

"Why—of course, George," Martha said quietly. She had an uneasy inkling of what was coming and she had no idea how to avert it.

Finally, George parked the car in a shaded lane. Then he turned to her and his eyes searched her face.

"Martha," he said tensely, "I—I have to tell you. I love you. You know that." Martha bit her lip and put up her hand to stop him. "No, please let me go on. You see, Martha, I told Jim about that factory job deliberately. I wanted him to get that contract. I encouraged him to try. I even talked about him to one of my friends on the Factory Commission."

"That was very kind of you,

NOTICE

The exciting story, "Stronger Than Steel," which was published in the December issue of RADIO MIRROR, was adapted from a radio script by True Boardman, especially written for the Silver Theater program heard Sundays on CBS.

George," Martha said.

"No—you don't understand," George frowned, as if he were trying to find the right words. "I—you know, Martha, I didn't come back here when I did by accident. I knew about your trouble with Jim—that he wanted you to divorce him."

"You knew?" Martha whispered. She was beginning to understand.

George smiled a little wryly. "Your sister Lillian wrote me all about it. And I came back, right away, because —well, because I love you and I wanted to ask you to marry me as soon as you were free."

"But, George, you never said—you never—" Martha stammered.

George caught her hand. "Of course, I never said anything," he said. "How could I? I know you. I know you better than anyone else does. I knew you would never leave Jim, no matter what he did, what he said, as long as he was helpless, without a job, without any security within himself. I had to wait, Martha. I had to help him. But now, I can't wait any longer. I've got to have you, Martha. I've got to know!"

MARTHA stared at him unhappily. His eyes were pleading, his hand, holding hers, was trembling.

"George—I—"

"Martha, listen to me, darling," George pleaded. "I've waited a long time. I've dreamed and hoped. And always there was Jim's helplessness to outweigh everything else. But it's different, now. Look at it—try to look at both of us, now, just as men, as husbands. I want you to be fair, but I want you to be fair to yourself for a change. Jim's helpless days are over. He doesn't need you now any more, or any differently than I do. And I know he doesn't love you more than I do—that would be impossible. Martha, please—now that Jim's all right, settled, you can divorce him. Say it. Tell me you'll marry me as soon as you're free!"

Martha could find the words. "Free?" she whispered. She looked unhappily, but steadily, into George's eyes. "I—last night—Jim is my husband—" she murmured.

George pressed her hand until it hurt and his face grew very pale. "Oh," he breathed.

"I'm sorry, George," Martha said painfully. "I'm terribly sorry. If there could ever be anyone but Jim—"

George turned his face away, but not before she had seen how his eyes had misted over. For a moment he didn't say anything and Martha could see a pulse throbbing in his temple. Then he sighed softly and turned a crooked, wretched smile on her.

"I suppose if you weren't the kind of a woman you are," he said a little ironically, "I'd never have fallen in love with you. I can't blame you now for being the very thing that attracted me in the first place." A little savagely, as though he could vent his hurt on the car, he started the motor. After a few moments, he said, "I'm sorry, Martha. Can you forget all this? I'll never mention it again. Can we still be friends?"

"I don't want to forget it," Martha said quietly. "I'm honored. And I couldn't bear it if we didn't stay friends."

George smiled a little bitterly. "Thank you, Martha." He shook his head and squared his shoulders. "You wanted to go to the bank, didn't you?"

Once Jim started working, it

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seemed to Martha that all the long, endless months since his accident had been a bad dream. They had never happened at all. Everything was just as it had been before Jim was crushed beneath the scaffolding. Early breakfasts, lunches to be packed for a hungry man, big dinners for an outdoor appetite.

The first few times Jim handed Martha his pay check he handled it as though he didn't quite believe it was real. It seemed to Martha that he took an inordinate delight in opening a bank account and adding to it every week. "Wonderful," Jim would say, "what a big difference it makes when you have a bit of money. Gives you a backbone, sort of—"

He began talking about investments. Martha noticed that whenever George came to visit them Jim took up most of his time in asking advice on stocks and bonds. George's advice was always that only people with a great deal of money to gamble could afford to play the stock market—they had to be able to wait a long time for returns, sometimes. "I'll have a lot of money, someday," Jim would say. And Martha would wonder about this new interest of Jim's—this fascination money had for him.

But there wasn't much time in Martha's life for worry. She and Jim went out often together, now. Jim seemed to have lost his sensitivity about being seen in public in his wheel chair. Since he'd got the factory contract he almost looked on it as a mark of his valor and he was proud that he was earning such a good living, in spite of being a cripple. He got a pleasure out of taking Martha out to the factory, every week or so, to show her the progress that had been made.

Then, one afternoon, hours before he was supposed to come home, Jim came wheeling his chair into the store. His face was gray.

"What is it, Jim!" Martha cried.

"Cripple, cripple, cripple," Jim was muttering.

Martha shook him. He looked dazed. "Jim! Jim!"

"That's what they're saying!" Jim muttered. "I heard them. I heard them say that the Town Council gave me the job because I'm a cripple—a poor, helpless cripple."

"Jim!" Martha said. "You know that's not true! The Town Council wouldn't give anyone a job as important as this just for sympathy or out of kindness. How can you pay attention to idle gossip?"

"Gossip?" Jim cried. "It doesn't matter to you. You can walk. You're a normal human being. I'm the cripple. I'm the one they all feel sorry for. I'm the one that gets the charity—the handouts!"

"No! No, Jim!" Martha cried.

But it was too late. He had wheeled his chair away from her.

Martha sat down behind the counter dejectedly. She saw what a fool's paradise she had been living in, hoping that Jim had finally found the strength and determination to face his life, their life.

Jim did not come to dinner that evening and Martha was afraid of what the morrow would bring. His actions, his sullen shutting himself away from them all, from her, were so like what he had done when he'd found out he would not walk again, that sheer fright was in possession of her. Was he going to shut himself up again, refuse to go back to his work? Was he going to destroy his one big chance to prove to himself and to the world that he was still capable, still competent, still a man Martha loved?

There was no sleep for Martha that night. Her brain grew numb with searching for some sign, some hope, that their life would ever be different, something besides this endless swinging from despair to hope and back again to black despair.

SHE knew Jim needed her, but she wondered whether even such a love as hers could stand the eternal demands he made upon it, the constant vacillations, the denials and the passionate renewals. How long could she go on loving him, when he used her this way, as a means to feed his pride?

Listlessly, hating to face the day ahead, Martha got up and dressed. Jim appeared for breakfast. He had failure, defeat, in his eyes. He sat slumped in his wheel chair and permitted everyone to wait on him. It seemed to Martha as if he had made up his mind, during the night, that his active life was over, that the rest of his days would be spent like a hopeless invalid. And she wondered, helplessly, how she was going to rouse him out of this defeated attitude, show him, make him understand, that except for his walking, he was a normal, healthy man.

Lucy brought in the mail. There were some bills for Jim. "And a letter from New York for you, Mother," Lucy said.

"From New York?" Martha said. "I don't know anyone in New York."

As Martha breaks the seal on the unexpected letter from New York, she does not know how completely it will alter her life, solving one problem while it brings new and greater ones in its train. Next month continue this moving story of a brave woman, in the March issue of RADIO MIRROR.

Say Hello To-

AL HELFER—the hefty master of ceremonies for Spotlight Bands, on the Mutual network every night except Sundays. If Al isn't the biggest man on the air he comes close to it—he weighs 245 pounds and measures six feet four inches. He probably would have been a doctor, because in the intervals of winning his letters in different athletic pursuits that's what he was studying for when the depression forced him to leave college and hunt a job. The fiirst one at hand was announcing sports on a small station in Washington, Pa. From there he went on and up until he came to New York and the big time. He's married and has three children, two boys and a girl, is 32 years old and commutes daily from his home in New Rochelle.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 40) Congress Jan. 3. . . . Duke Ellington is playing in Los Angeles' Mayfair Club. . . . Bob Allen, Hal Kemp's former singer, is slowly grooming his band and you'll soon be hearing it on networks and records.

* * *

Latest to branch out as a bandleader is Hal McIntyre, formerly Glenn Miller's alto sax man. His band did a sneak preview at Glen Island Casino recently when they substituted for Claude Thornhill. Advance reports were glowing.

* * *

Nice gesture on the part of Victor records to re-issue an album of records made by the late Helen Morgan. This company has also signed Bob Hope to cut a batch of disks.

* * *

The curtain used in Mutual Radio Theater, New York, home of the new "Spotlight Band" series is decorated with caricatures of many leading bandleaders.

CORRECTION

In the September issue I made reference to a vocalist with Larry Funk's orchestra and the reason he lost his job. I have been informed by him that the statement is incorrect and I wish to make this correction and express my regret for any embarrassment it may have caused him.

HOW TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE

ARTIE SHAW'S musical ability had to be proven with a smash rendition of "Begin the Beguine" before he could afford to insult the jitterbugs. Little attention was paid to Orrin Tucker until he had Bonnie Baker sing "Oh, Johnny." Only a few experts touted Freddy Martin's music. Then he revived a Tschaikowsky piano concerto which put him in the spotlight. Tommy Dorsey needed "I'll Never Smile Again" to fend off a slump and brother Jimmy's version of "Amapola" pushed him into the top-money brackets. "Tuxedo Junction" was the answer to a record-seller's prayer and gave the bespectacled trombonist Glenn Miller box office magnetism. A number like "Daddy" cemented Sammy Kaye's popularity.

Expert bands like Charlie Spivak's, Bobby Byrne's and Jan Savitt's have found it difficult to get enough public attention because they have not clicked with a song that listeners could identify with them.

No better illustration of how much a dance band needs a hit song to put it on top is the case of sandy-haired, blue-eyed Tommy Tucker.

For ten years this North Dakotan has had a consistently appealing band. Never in the big money brackets, Tommy's troupe have kept working from coast to coast. They got their share of air time, made a number of records and heard nice things said about their music and the singing of their vivacious vocalist, Amy Arnell.

"We almost thought we hit the jackpot with 'The Man Who Comes Around,'" says Tommy candidly, "that tune sold about 500,000 records."

This saucy novelty spiraled them to better-paying theater dates and ballroom tours. But many of the places they played frowned on the risque extra lyrics.

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HALL OF FAME STUDIOS
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Then Tucker visited a Philadelphia night club with Elliott Wexler, a Columbia record man. They went to hear Bon Bon, a colored singer formerly with Jan Savitt and who since that time has rejoined Jan. The dusky troubadour had a new tune he had discovered in New York. It had been written by four boys and it was their first combined effort. It was called "I Don't Want to Set the World On Fire."

Tommy plugged it on every radio broadcast he could muster. His Okeh record became a juke box requisite. Before Tommy could get an exclusive recording right on the tune, 14 other bands had rushed through disks. But it was still the Tucker version with the appealing final chorus that wowed the customers. So far 750,000 platters have been sold.

"Funny thing about that record," says Tommy. "The reverse side has another good tune called 'This Love of Mine.' Juke box operators who had worn out the 'Fire' side started to turn the record over. Thanks to that economical move, both sides of the platter are now best-sellers."

For the last decade, the Tucker band has been roaming the country. Several years ago they visited Portsmouth, Virginia. Tommy auditioned a local singer named Amy Arnell and the blue-eyed, ambitious youngster was hired. Only one suggestion was made to Amy. The bandleader didn't like her habit of stepping out of her shoes every time she started to sing.

"But she's still doing it. Says she sings easier that way," he says shrugging his shoulders.

Tommy is married to Mitzi Miller, a former actress. They met a summer ago at a seaside resort. They have no children. The boys in the band like Mitzi. Unlike many other leaders' wives, she keeps a respectful distance away from the bandstand.

Amy is not married but boys in the Tommy Tucker band tell me that Amy and *Orrin* Tucker are more than buddies.

Right now the band is playing theater dates and one-nighters, doubling the money that they received in identical places one year ago.

This belated success hasn't made Tucker complacent. All those years of striving for recognition have left him thoughtful.

"Sure I'm tickled about putting over 'Fire' but gosh, it's the follow-up that counts. You can't keep on top with one number. That one tune puts you there. The trick is to stay."

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

Tommy Tucker: (Okeh 6429) "Sugar Daddy"—"Some Sunny Day." Tucker attempts a follow up with a measure of success largely credited to Amy Arnell.

Bing Crosby (Decca 4033) "Clementine"—"Day Dreaming." Leave it to Crosby to pop up with the most refreshing platter of the month. A surprise from start to finish. The "B" side is a new Jerome Kern ballad.

Will Bradley (Columbia 36401) "April in Paris"—"Stop! And Ask Somebody." A well-matched package that combines a beautiful ballad and a likeable jump tune.

Guy Lombardo (Decca 4024) "Bi-I-Bi"—"You're Driving Me Crazy." A well-knit pairing strictly for dancing.

Artie Shaw (Victor 27641) "Is It Taboo?"—"Beyond the Blue Horizon." A workmanlike job that shows off the new Shaw instrumentation.

Glenn Miller (Bluebird 11326) "Dear Arabella"—"Orange Blossom Lane." Ray Eberle, Marian Hutton and the Modernaires combine vocal efforts to put this sprightly army camp tune over the top.

Recommended Albums: Russ Colombo (Victor) re-issues packaged to recall some pleasant memories about the late great crooner. They stand up amazingly well. . . . Lily Pons' stirring arias from "Daughter of the Regiment" (Columbia). . . . "Peter and the Wolf," Stokowski and narrator Basil Rathbone collaborate on a stunning rendition of Prokofiev's work (Columbia).

Some Like It Swing:

Tommy Dorsey (Victor 27621) "Skunk Song." A two-part tribute to an animal so far neglected by Disney. A novelty that might get hit proportions although Dorsey may have gone a bit overboard.

Harry James (Columbia 36399) "Record Session"—"Nothin'." In the "Tuxedo Junction" pattern and musically competent.

Benny Goodman (Columbia 36411) "Caprice XXIV Paganini"—"I'm Here." Solid swing by a veteran that is quite welcome in a month in which swing records were not outstanding.

RADIO MIRROR DANCE BAND CONTEST BALLOT

To Ken Alden, Facing the Music

Radio Mirror Magazine
122 E. 42nd Street, New York City

Please consider this vote for ..... in your fourth annual dance band popularity poll.

(Voter's name:.....)

Say Hello To-

JIMMY CASH—who jumped right out of the ranks of unknowns to be featured singer and comedy stooge with George Burns and Gracie Allen Tuesday nights on NBC. Jimmy was born in Carthage, Arkansas, and won an amateur contest in 1936 which brought him to New York for two NBC radio engagements. He decided he wasn't ready yet for a singing career so he went back to Arkansas and his job in a filling station. A little later he married Camille Waugh and they headed for California in a dilapidated car. Lean years followed, but Jimmy finally landed a full-time job, clerking in a Burbank grocery store and keeping up his singing lessons. George Burns heard a record of his voice and signed him up for the broadcast.

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Romance on the Run

(*Continued from page* 23) happened the first few days on the show. They read "love" lines to each other and Frank, who knew a good actress when he heard one, was almost ready to grudgingly admit that maybe Joan was okay even if she did have a passion for ribbons. Joan, too, began to like the rich, pleasing voice of the fine, young actor who played opposite her. The program director, Chick Vincent, winked at the organist on the show, his wink implying that these two were "naturals."

BUT, a few weeks later, his "naturals," rehearsing a torrid scene, blew up in his face. Miss Banks and Mr. Lovejoy did not agree on the way the scene should be played. A large sized quarrel was in the offing.

"I don't think you're right about this scene, Mr. Lovejoy," Joan said coolly.

"If you'd try it my way, Miss Banks," Frank said, twice as coolly, "perhaps it would mean something."

Joan's eyes widened. "Oh, yes?"

"Oh, yes." Frank smiled—but what a smile!

Frank was a little older than Joan, but they had both had about the same number of years in radio. They were both sure they were right and weren't going to give an inch of ground. The program director stepped in to straighten things out.

"Maybe we can do a little compromising," he suggested.

"But—" Joan and Frank said, at the same time.

They looked at each other. Frank wanted to look daggers, but somehow, for some reason, she looked so cute when she was upset that he had to grin. The grin should have made Joan even more angry, but it was such a wide, nice, Irish grin that the corners of Joan's mouth turned up instead of down.

"All right," she said, "how do you think this should be played, Mr. Lovejoy?"

"Well, *Joan*," Frank said, "I'd like to hear what you have to say first."

And when they had talked it all over, it turned out to be one of the best scenes they had ever played together. The program director winked at the organist again. This time the wink said even a little more. It said, "There's more in those lines they are reading than meets the ear."

After the program that day, Frank and Joan walked out of the studio together. As they rode down in the elevator, Frank didn't even notice that the ribbon Joan wore in her hair was even larger and bluer than the ribbon she had worn on the first day they had met.

"Say," he said, "do you like the movies?"

"Sure," Joan said, smiling, "who doesn't?"

"I guess everybody does," Frank said, a little flustered, "what I meant was—well—would you like to see a movie with me tonight?"

Joan hesitated. She wished she really knew whether she liked the young actor as well as she thought she liked him. I might, she thought, have been right about him the first time. Then again—so she said, "I can't go tonight."

"It's a swell picture," Frank said. "It's 'The Fighting 69th'."

But Joan turned him down. The

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Irish aren't easily dismayed. Two days later, Frank was back with the same request. The picture was still running. Again, Joan couldn't quite make up her mind. She was just a little scared. She was beginning to like him better every day and suppose it got serious—then what? It went on like that for weeks. Then, one day, Joan said "Yes."

That night, as they walked down Broadway towards the Strand Theater, Frank stopped suddenly.

"I've got a confession to make," he said.

Joan looked up, puzzled. "What?"

"Well," Frank grinned, "I didn't think you'd ever go out with me so—well—the other night I went and saw 'The Fighting 69th'—alone."

Joan smiled. "There isn't much sense in our going then," she said.

"Oh, sure there is," Frank said, "you'll love the picture."

"That's sweet," Joan said, "but let's go and see 'Pinocchio.'" She smiled. "I'm always ready to compromise."

IT wasn't really a compromise, because both of them knew then that they would just as soon see anything, as long as they were together. From that night on, it was just "understood" that they belonged together. Everything wasn't as smooth as it sounds perhaps. Joan was likely to lose her temper, now and then, and Frank was inclined to be a little absent-minded on occasions.

There was that night, a short time after they had been going together, that Frank asked Joan to go to the theater. It was a musical called "Higher and Higher" and because Frank had to work late on a broadcast they arranged to meet in front of the theater. Just before he left the studio, something came up which would make him late. He called Joan's home. She had left. The next logical step was to call the theater and tell the box office that when Joan called for the tickets to tell her he would be late and to leave his ticket and go in without him.

That was fine, only he called the wrong theater. The man at the box office took it for granted that there were tickets there for him. Meanwhile, Joan stood on the curb in front of the *right* theater, angrily tapping one foot during half of the first act. When Frank arrived, his grin didn't solve matters at all.

They went inside, but Frank, to this day, doesn't know what was occurring on the stage. He was trying, sotto voce, all through the show, to explain to a very angry girl what had happened. After the show, Joan was ready to go home unescorted, but Frank scrambled into the taxi with her. They rode along in silence. Finally, Frank said, "Say, have you ever been to the Statue of Liberty?"

"No," Joan said, angrily, "and I don't see what that has to do with your keeping me standing there—"

"That's awful," Frank said, "a native New Yorker and you haven't been up in the Statue of Liberty."

"Now, you listen to me," Joan said.

"I've never been up in it either," Frank broke in, "and I was born in the Bronx. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves."

Joan turned to give him a piece of her mind. But the grin was gone and he looked so desperate that she couldn't say anything. The ride home turned out very all right—and the next day they *did* go to the Statue of Liberty and the Aquarium, like a couple of tourists in their own city and it was the most wonderful day either of them had ever spent.

Everything would have been perfect, but Joan had to insist that they climb the stairs all the way to the top of the statue. I've got to do something about that girl, Frank thought the next day, as he groaned from muscular aches and pains.

HE did do something about her. About a month later on Friday, May 31, 1940, to be exact, a very excited young girl stood in a radio studio waiting for a show to start. It was five o'clock. At five-fifteen, the show would be over and she had just fourteen minutes from the time the show ended to catch a train to Norwalk, Connecticut to marry a young man waiting there.

That was the longest radio broadcast Joan Banks ever went through. The second the "on the air" sign flashed off, Joan, spilling actors left and right, like a broken field runner, headed for the door and a waiting taxi. She made the train with just a minute to spare.

The reason for the "rush" marriage was that they both had to be back to work on the following Monday. Frank even in order to get this two-day honeymoon, had to pass up auditioning for a show.

When the train pulled into Norwalk, it was a warm, wonderful night. Joan hurried to the home of Bill Meeder, the organist on their radio show, and found a very nervous bridegroom in the capable hands of his best man—and incidentally—the program director of the show, Chick Vincent. Joan had only been in the house some fifteen minutes before they all left for the church and Frank was saying, "I do." Then she said, "I do," and was married and kissed.

It wasn't until five or ten minutes later that she realized that the warm, wonderful night had been dispelled by one of the worst rain storms in Connecticut. And Frank, who had hired a small yacht for their honeymoon was, with one arm around her, looking out of the window and bitterly lamenting their ruined honeymoon.

But, the next morning, which was Saturday, was bright and shining. The elements "compromised" and let the sun come out. So Frank and Joan spent two wonderful days in the sunshine aboard their rented honeymoon cruiser. Late Sunday night, after a glorious time, they turned the boat homeward. And, as the boat was tied up at its moorings—believe it or not—it began to rain like—well, they didn't care by then.

THAT was a year and a half ago. A lot has happened since then, but they've both been so busy they've never been able to have a "second" and longer honeymoon. After they were first married, they got an apartment in Greenwich Village, but Frank's photography hobby kept the place so cluttered up that they were almost forced into buying a house, so he could have more room to clutter.

The beautiful, rambling house they bought recently is located in Westport, Connecticut. They call it "Silver Birches" and a cocker Spaniel named "Jiminy Cricket" (remember Pinocchio?) and a mutt named "Wimpy" help them enjoy it. There's also a

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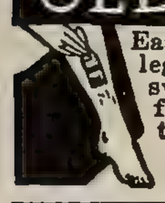

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piano in the house, which Frank bought for Joan. It seems that, as a boy, he learned to play trumpet and saxophone and Joan, in self defense, demanded the piano. She took ten lessons, before deciding that trying to drown out Frank's playing was hopeless.

Joan still has her temper. Frank still forgets names, places and dates, but they're both terribly happy. One of the reasons is because neither of them ever can stay angry for more than five minutes. When troubles come up, as Joan puts it, "We spread them out on the table and go to work." Which really means "compromise." They both realize that marriage, like a career, means knowing how to "give" as well as take.

That incident on the train? Well, Joan and Frank commute a hundred miles a day and practically never—since their radio work isn't at the same time—together. On this particular day they hadn't really seen each other for some twenty-four hours, and Frank's gestures were simply his attempt to say, "Hello, darling, how are you," through two intervening panes of quite indifferent glass. For the information of the puzzled commuters who saw the performance—you were all looking not at a romance that was having heavy weather, but at one that has reached its happy, if still hectic, culmination.

Listen to Joan Banks as Peggy in The O'Neills over NBC weekdays at 12:15 P.M. *E.S.T. and on CBS at* 5:30 P.M. *E.S.T.*

What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 48) setting, and the contest closes February 10.

* * *

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Although Toby Nevius can look back upon twenty-five years of successful trouping on the stage and in radio, he insists there's nothing in the world he wants so much as to prop his feet up on a mahogany desk and be an executive. In the very next breath he contradicts his own statement by describing hilariously his newest comedy character, "Toby Tuttle, America's No. 1 Soda Jerk," who conducts a bubbling Fizz-Quiz at a downtown Cincinnati auditorium on Sunday evenings, during WLW's Fountains o' Fun broadcast.

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Nevertheless, with this conspicuous entrance, Toby became definitely identified with the Nevius-Tanner company, which carried both his parents' names across the nation until 1928, when Nevius senior dissolved the partnership to play a better role on a grander stage. For some time after his father's death Toby continued to act in stock, until Paramount Publix Theaters gave him a vaudeville contract with star billing.

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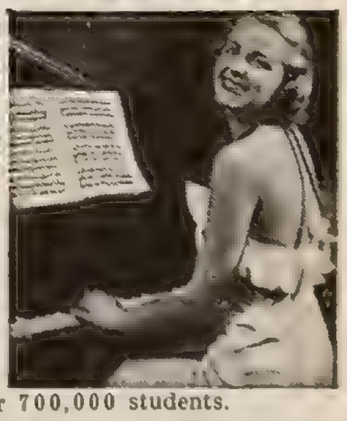

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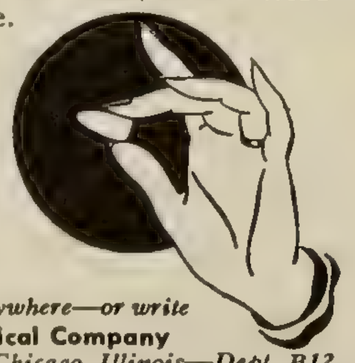

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Toby thought he had arrived, but unluckily it was just about then that vaudeville breathed its last.

Toby says, "As I put my hands on the vaudeville ladder to climb to bigger and better things, the other boys and girls, coming down, tramped all over me."

So Toby turned to radio, and very happily, too. Since 1940 he has been one of WLW's staff of actors. Five days a week he is "Grandpappy Doolittle" on the Top o' the Morning program and "Toby Tuttle" on Time to Shine. On Saturday nights he becomes "Grandpappy Doolittle" again as a prominent member of the Boone County Jamboree; and on Sundays he does his "No. 1 Soda Jerk" act on Fountains o' Fun.

Toby (whose real given name only his mother knows) is an avowed night club addict, and says Milton Berle is his favorite comedian. He has three hobbies, collecting jokes, fine clothes, and magic. He can play no less than sixteen musical instruments, and frequently does—not only piano, xylophone, drums and saxophone, but such unusual music-makers as a pair of skillets, a carpenter's saw, sleigh bells and a glove.

It might be added that Toby really isn't a grandpappy. In fact, he is a very good-looking and eligible bachelor.

* * *

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—A man of many voices is George A. Provol, Production Director at station KDYL. Although he isn't primarily an actor, KDYL listeners hear him practically every day because, among other duties, he has complete charge of writing and producing transcriptions, and finds a role in nearly every script that he can, and does, fill.

George actually grew up with radio. Way back when radio stations were a great novelty, when time on the air was limited to a couple of hours during the day and perhaps twice that much in the evening, George began his apprenticeship with KDYL, acting as technician, transmitter operator, music librarian, host, telephone operator and announcer.

He likes to reminisce about those early days. It wasn't unusual for someone to telephone in to the studio with the query, "When are you going on the air?" At which George often had to reply, as nonchalantly as possible, "Why, we're on the air now." Then the other party to the conversation would ask him to hold the wire for a minute, leave the telephone, and come back to say, "Oh, yes, I have the station now."

His job as librarian wasn't very difficult, since it consisted mostly of going to a store once a week and buying a new supply of a dozen or more records, which made up a large part of the station's daily programs. Occasionally the records would be interrupted by some thrill-seeker who wandered into the studio, volunteering to play or sing on the air. In those days, anyone with a musical instrument and a moderate amount of ability was received with open arms.

Four years at the University of Southern California, studying law, didn't keep George from returning at vacations to his old love, radio; and when he graduated, instead of going into practice, he went back to radio for good. George is happily married, and has one daughter, Penny, who will be two years old very soon.

West of Heaven

(*Continued from page* 30) itself. It makes me see these rolling plains and mountains, smell the sagebrush and the mesquite—"

It's impossible to describe what it did to me to hear those words, borrowed from my mouth. How dared she be so utterly unscrupulous!

His laugh was embarrassed. "I guess it's not all that," he said, "but if you're dealing straight with me about this, and about that $5,000—"

"Can you doubt me?" Carlotta took his hand and outlined a cross over her heart, very slowly.

"Well," he said at last, "I reckon I'll take a chance on going East."

"Darling!" She lifted her arms to pull his head down to hers.

I found strength then to get away. Because really I might as well not have come at all. I was too late. With all my knowledge of how Carlotta worked—of how fast she worked—I I was too late. She'd already woven her spell around that innocent, trusting cowboy and he'd promised to come to New York with her. I'd only just met him, but already I knew him well enough to be sure that, once having given her his promise, he wouldn't go back on it.

I had to revise my opinion of him the next day—revise it painfully.

We all got on the train together—Carlotta with her dozen pieces of expensive luggage, me with my two serviceable suitcases, Larry with his battered bag and his guitar slung under his arm. Carlotta and I, of course, were traveling in a drawing room, but Larry insisted that all he wanted was an upper berth—insisted so quietly and yet firmly that I had a quick, faint hope that maybe, after all, I had been wrong last night.

CARLOTTA always gets irritable on trains—they don't go fast enough for her—and that afternoon as we rolled over the wide plains she crossly announced that her head ached and she wanted the compartment to herself so she could sleep. I pulled down the shades and left her, settling myself comfortably in the lounge car with a magazine. I'd been there only a few minutes when Larry came into the car and sat down beside me.

How queer it was to be with him here in the familiar setting of a streamlined lounge car, speeding away from Wyoming and the magic of the golden sunsets and purple dusks which had hypnotized me so that I had almost imagined falling in love. Now I remembered instead the other scene in the shadow of the corral which I'd unwillingly witnessed. Why had I been so concerned whether Larry would fall under Carlotta's spell? If a few murmured words had been all he needed to be in her embrace, New York was the right destination for him. And then the sight of his fresh face, the easy grace of his movements, the clean atmosphere of wind and rain and sun he carried with him, swept away all my careful analysis and made me say:

"Larry, please be careful in New York."

Strangely eager, he said, "Careful? Say, does that mean you like me?"

I realized that if I were to tell the truth, I'd have to say yes. I barely nodded my head.

"I'm glad of that," he said. "Then we can sort of tag around together in New York, can't we—Melody?"

For an instant my heart leaped with involuntary delight at the way his voice lingered caressingly over my name—but only for an instant before I was remembering again the corral and the swift embrace.

And I'd thought Carlotta was the fastest worker I knew! Why, beside this unsophisticated-looking cowboy, she was a mere dawdler. I reddened with chagrin at the way I'd been taken in. Last night he'd played up beautifully to Carlotta's charms—and now, Carlotta safely tucked away in her drawing room, he was making love to me. For there had been, in the way he said, "We can sort of tag around together, can't we?" an unmistakable undertone of intimacy, the anticipation of many hours spent together.

I sat upright. "I doubt it," I said crisply. "You'll find Carlotta will use up most of your time."

"Oh, I meant when Miss Birch is busy," he explained hastily, and I felt a little sick. If I hadn't seen him with Carlotta the night before, heard what he'd said to her, how easy it would have been to believe him now!

"Excuse me," I said. "I've got to go back to the drawing room." And I stood up and left without a glance at him. It was the rudest snub I could think of.

For the rest of the trip, I was as impersonal with him as a machine and he never again made any effort to break down the barrier I erected against him. He remained as distant as if he'd never whispered my first name to me like a love word and finally we were at the end of the journey and the train was sliding silently into Grand Central Station.

IT was easier in New York to crowd Larry out of my restless thoughts, especially as it was a ceaseless, mad rush after his first audition. Never had I seen hard boiled network officials and agency executives so enthused over a completely unknown singer. Carlotta was a tireless, furious worker arranging interviews, supervising photographers, conferring with program directors. The only times that I found it painfully difficult to go on working, my thoughts trained to the work in front of me, were when Larry came into the office to see Carlotta. He would sit off to one side, watching the confusion, with a curious, friendly dignity that was never ruffled by the exploding flash bulbs, the screaming telephones, the rapid fire questions of interviewers. I could feel the warmth of his blue eyes on me and then in spite of myself, color would seep up into my face. But he would never speak unless it were to answer a question of mine or Carlotta's about a song or some musical arrangement.

Always Carlotta was thrusting some new batch of papers into his hands and saying, "Don't bother to read it, darling, they're only details and that's what I'm being paid to handle. You just sign here. . . . and here . . . and here." And as I silently watched Carlotta weaving her strangling web of signatures and contracts and clauses and options, I would catch myself wanting to cry out, "You fool! You think you're so clever, getting Carlotta to make a big success out of you. But don't you realize that she's the one who is succeeding, that you're just the tool she's using to fashion her

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own glittering success?" With my lips shut tight, I would go on typing, resolutely recalling to my mind the truth that I knew about Larry. If he wanted Carlotta he'd have to take the tricks that went with her. It was none of my business.

Only once did he rebel against the plans Carlotta made for him. Carlotta had finally chosen what she considered the best offer for Larry—a twice-a-week, half hour musical broadcast. Larry had put his signature on the contract without a word, had gone to rehearsals, had followed all Carlotta's instructions to the letter. But the night of his debut when he heard me tell Carlotta I couldn't go to the party the sponsor was giving at the Heron Club following his broadcast, Larry said, "I reckon that goes for me, too."

"I reckon it doesn't," Carlotta told him with a sharp look of her black eyes. "What the sponsor says goes for you, darling."

"Is that in my contract?" Larry asked her.

"The most important clause of any contract," she answered, "is unwritten. It is: Keep the sponsor happy."

I didn't hear what he answered. I had finished my work and was going out the door. I didn't get home until late that night. I kept away from radios. While Larry was making his debut I saw a double feature through twice, but I still don't know what either picture was about. It must have been around one when I opened my door, turned on my light and began to undress. But I knew I could not sleep. Instead of getting into bed I went to the window and let the damp wind blow on my face. I saw that the rain had turned the street into a shining mirror in which were reflected the glittering brilliance of traffic lights and neon signs. One of those signs was for the Heron Club. Larry and Carlotta would be sitting at a table near the orchestra, their faces flushed with success, drinking a toast to their mutual triumph. I shivered and pulled the shade down, as if I could shut out the image in my mind.

WHY had I been acting as I did? Running away from the party, refusing to listen to the radio, to Larry's first broadcast? Why was it suddenly hitting me so hard? Hadn't I known it would happen this way, always known it since that night by the corral? I had told myself a thousand times that Carlotta was welcome to Larry. Yet I was shivering, unable to stand the thought of their being together this evening. In that moment I realized that you can't turn love on and off like an electric current. And I loved Larry Smith.

Sometimes what you dream at night turns out to be only the feverish exaggerations of a tired and tense brain. But as the week following Larry's debut dragged past, I knew that I had told myself the truth. It took all the will power I could muster to hold my head up and face those two. Carlotta wore the cocky little smile that went with her successes, but when unavoidably I met Larry's eyes I couldn't read what I saw there. There was a curious, clouded intensity about their blue—not the sparkling happiness that should have been in them. He did not say a word to me except on business matters. But somehow—I stopped myself abruptly in these speculations. It was my imagination running wild. Love always hopes, crazily, persistently, when there is nothing to hope for, nothing. Yet if I stayed home at night, the ringing of the phone made my heart beat wildly and I listened for a voice that never answered. When I turned the corner into my street I never failed to look for his tall figure under the marquee, but each time it was not there.

The first week became the second week, the first broadcast a second and a third. Larry's swift triumph was a surprise even to me who had first sensed the magic in his voice. He and Carlotta went everywhere together, drinking in the adulation which was showered on them by a city gone crazy for his singing.

It was six weeks after that first night I learned the truth about myself when I opened the door of my apartment and saw him standing in the hall outside. He was grinning in his shy way, but his face was white and his breath came fast so that I could see his shirt rise and fall over his big chest.

"Come in." I tried to make my voice sound politely commonplace, the way I'd speak to anyone. "Sit down."

For a minute he didn't say anything, just sat there looking big and strange on my silly flowered sofa, his wide hat rolling round and round in his strong hands. Then he said, "I came to tell you—I'm leaving."

"Leaving! You mean—going back to Wyoming?"

He nodded.

"But you can't. You've signed contracts that tie you up legally as long as anyone wants you here."

"I know," he said, his voice grim. "I learned that tonight."

"Tonight! You mean, you didn't know—" Oh, why hadn't I told him? What was my pride against his whole life?

He shook his head, staring at the floor between us. "But I found out. I found out a lot of things, tonight. That's why I'm leaving."

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"But you can't," I told him. "You could be sued. Probably they could put you in jail."

"I wouldn't care," he said. "I'm already in jail, here in this town."

I couldn't bear the clouded look of his blue eyes. "But why did you come —why did you—?"

"Because I—I" he stammered, then stopped struggling to explain and stared down at the rug under his feet. "All that doesn't matter now anyway. I just thought—" Again he paused, but I scarcely noticed. A crazy scheme was slowly forming in my mind. It was mad, suicidal, and yet . . .

"Listen," I said quickly. "You can't break your contracts, but they can be broken from the other side. If they didn't want you anymore, they'd let you go in a minute."

I was so full by now of my idea that I expected him to see what I was driving at.

"It's simple," I said impatiently. "They like you now, you're valuable to them, but if you were to do something that would make you not valuable—"

"Like painting the town red?" he broke in, beginning to grasp what I meant.

I laughed a little hysterically. "Now you're getting it. If you were to go out and really make a mess of your reputation, you wouldn't have to see a single lawyer."

His eyes cleared, their blue shone. "Say! I need a partner for a job like that. Are you doing anything right now?"

"Not a thing," I said, "but I'm about to."

Larry seized my arm. "When I get through tonight my sponsors won't want me for love or money."

MAYBE I'd never have been able to go through with what we did that night if I'd been myself. But I wasn't myself. I hadn't been, since that last night in Wyoming. I wasn't surprised at all to be sitting at a floorside table in the Heron Club helping Larry break glasses, shrieking with him when he yelled, "Hey, waiter! you short-horned son of a coyote, come here before I fill you full of buckshot!"

Even Larry's strength was no match for the sturdy thugs in evening dress who suddenly appeared, but he did his best to make our exit slow and noisy. They were the first, but not the last, of the bouncers who did their duty by us that night. At our third stop Mike Brennan, publicity director of Larry's studio, caught up with us. "Listen, son, you can't do this," he told Larry genially.

"Who says I can't?" Larry stood up and lurched toward him. "I'm Larry Smith, the Voice of the West!"

For the first time I chuckled at the words.

Mike said urgently, "Larry, lay off, or I'll never be able to keep it from your sponsor."

"That's your business," Larry laughed loudly. "Now you just go along and mind it!" And he actually tweaked Mike's nose. If he wanted bad publicity, that was an inspiration.

Mike stood stupefied, his face gray. But he controlled himself and turned to me. "Melody, for God's sake, make him see reason. Talk to him!"

I turned to Larry obediently. "Hey, pardner," I said in a high voice. "We don't like none of these here jackals

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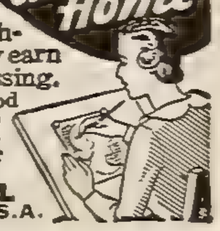

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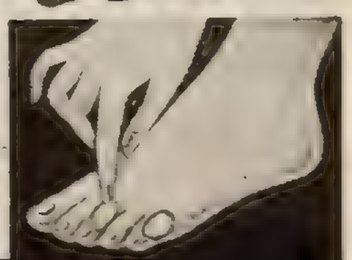

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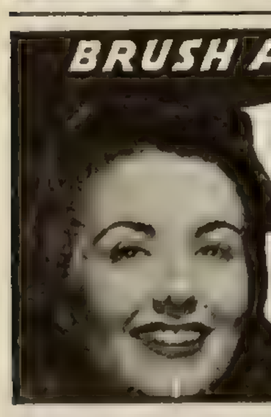

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ir this joint, do we?"

Mike was still staring at me, his mouth open, when Larry rushed him. "We'll just clean the critters out," Larry panted.

"Yippee!" I yelled, riding on a wave of bedlam with them toward the door. "So that's the weasel that thinks he can shut up the Voice of the West!"

Any other time I'd have been sorry for Mike, even though the tricks he'd pulled had made me blush often enough for being part of the office that took advantage of them. He was just doing his job. But when he saw us at our last port of call, I think he fainted.

We had shaken him off our trail long enough to make a little trip to an obscure dark building on the West Side, but when we reached the night club with the latest closing hour in Manhattan, he was there waiting for us. I'll never forget the look of unbelieving horror on his face just before he disappeared.

It was not coincidence that we entered in the midst of the club's broadcast. Through the dark night air went very clearly the noise of our arrival.

"Hey! Stop—Police! You can't bring that in here!"

But Larry's voice rose true and strong over the shouts, the profane yells, the laughter, the women's screams. "Who says I can't? Don't you know who I am? I'm Larry Smith! And where I go I take my horse!"

* * *

But when I reached home that morning, I was not quite so gay. My thoughts were anything but cheerful. I looked back on what I had done during the night, and saw just what it was. I had simply made it possible for Larry to go away. To finish the goodbye he had come to say.

Still, I felt a queer sort of peace. Even though my own future stretched before me bleak and lonely, I had helped to save him from a life that would have ruined him. I saw myself going back and forth through long years to some obscure small office job, if indeed I could get any job after this night. Yet I felt better than I had since the moment at the corral. He might not love me, but at last we were friends, everything clear and straight between us. I smiled a little as I turned on the radio to the morning news. I still smiled as I listened:

"And so this morning, Larry Smith, the country's newest cowboy singer, found himself in jail following one of the wildest nights New York had seen since the crash in '29. Larry was on the police records charged with almost every known method of disturbing the peace, including an attempt to ride his horse into a famed Broadway night club."

The announcer didn't have to add the rest. That Miss Carlotta Birch, until last night the star's manager, had agreed to tear up her contracts with him, that Larry's sponsors had not only agreed, but insisted upon canceling all their contracts and options.

I WAS there, of course, in the court room as I'd promised when Larry was fined and freed with a stern warning from the judge. We didn't talk, at first, when our taxi finally left the newsmen and photographers behind.

Maybe it was the long night, with all its wild events, maybe it was the long weeks before that. Anyway, my teeth were chattering and I shivered.

I felt his hand, big and firm under my elbow. "Cold?"

"N-no." And I wasn't then. His hand and his voice, they'd made me feel warm, steady.

"What's wrong then?" he persisted gently.

Everything! But I said, "N-nothing."

Why wouldn't my voice behave? And he just sat watching me, seeing me act like a dopey schoolgirl. "Why don't you say it?" I cried out suddenly. "Why don't you finish saying your goodbye?"

"Because," he said calmly, "I don't ever aim to say goodbye. Not to you."

My mind refused to hear anything but the words themselves. "You're free now," I insisted. "Your contracts are broken. Aren't you going?"

"Yes," he said quietly. "I'm going."

His eyes were narrowing, studying mine, very close to mine.

I couldn't stand their gaze. "What do you mean?" It was all a puzzle, and I was so tired. My head wanted to drop to his big shoulder, but I held it up.

"I mean," he said gently, "that you're coming too, of course."

"Larry—please don't—" The tears were coming up in my throat. "Only last week you and Carlotta—"

His lips tightened before he spoke. But all he said was, "This isn't last week."

"That's right." And his lips closed tight on that. He was maddening.

"Oh, all right!" I cried out at him. "I'll believe you never loved her. But Larry—" now my voice was a wail. "That night by the corral. I was there. I heard her beg you to come East because—"

"Because she said you liked me," Larry said softly.

"Me!" I sat up straight, staring at him, frantically rearranging everything, all the jumbled mixed-up memories, the remembrance of Carlotta standing close to him, Larry saying, "How can you know a thing like this—so soon?" How natural for me to have assumed the obvious wrong meaning. But instead Larry had meant . . .

"Me, Larry?" I repeated.

"Who else?" He smiled with that boyish shyness twisting his mouth. "Who else would bring me East? Who else would I work in radio for, to get a ranch for us to live on? Was I wrong, honey? You do—like me?"

"Like you!" My head dropped to his shoulder at last, and I was crying, crying and laughing until his rumpled jacket was damp under my cheek. He didn't say anything but held me close, his big hand strong and gentle, stroking my shaking shoulders until they rested quiet at last against his solid chest. It was only then that I became aware of the whirring roar outside the taxi window. I opened my eyes and blinked at the rapid flashes of the lights of Holland Tunnel. "Where are we going?" I cried out.

"West," he answered simply.

I looked up into his face that was so close to mine, and coming closer. I had time to gasp, "West of heaven?" But he had no time to answer, in words, before his lips came down on mine.

He didn't need to. That was two years ago. In two years, you can get pretty sure of what you know. And with me it's this. That when you go west from heaven, the climate doesn't change at all. It's still heaven.

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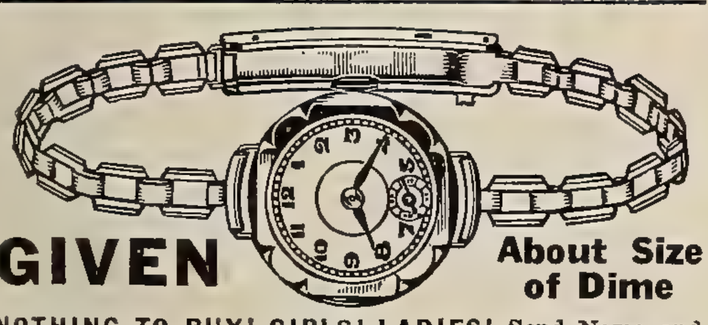

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Divorce Not Granted

(*Continued from page* 11) quarrel which had led to our divorce. Not guilty at all—just weary.

It had been over his secretary, a clever, beautiful girl named Miss Burt. I'd hated her from the first time I saw her sleek blondeness, her cool, appraising way of looking at one and seeing something rather funny. Chet was working hard then, and some nights he went back to the office. There was no reason for me to believe that she was there with him, but I did. And one day I heard that he and Marcia Burt had been seen together, about ten o'clock, having a drink in a not-too-prominent hotel bar.

This time Chet didn't defend himself. He admitted nothing, denied nothing. When I cried he made no effort to comfort me.

In a tired voice he asked, "What do you want me to do? Say that Marcia and I didn't drop in for a drink after working hard all evening? Well, I won't, because that would be a lie. Should I say I've never kissed her, never even touched her? I won't say that either, because you wouldn't believe me."

"I'd believe you if you let her go and promise never to see her again," I sobbed.

"Let her go? You mean fire her?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I won't!" he said angrily.

And then I did the unforgivably foolish thing. I told him he could make his choice between us.

He gave me a long, quiet look, a look of scorn, disgust and—yes, some pity. "In that case," he said finally, "I guess there's only one answer . . . Reno is probably the best place. It's quieter . . . and quicker."

He turned and left the room.

I couldn't believe he meant it. I thought he would be back, asking to be forgiven. The next day, after a night which I spent alone, I thought he would be back, ready to forgive me. Instead, I got a brief letter suggesting the name of a lawyer for me to see in Reno, and a check to cover my expenses there. "The lawyers can work out some kind of financial settlement," he added in the letter. "Anything you think is right will be satisfactory to me."

THERE was nothing for me to do but go to Reno. It was not only pride that kept me from seeing Chet, begging his pardon and asking for another chance. It was fear, too—fear of forcing him to tell me in words that I'd killed his love for me. I didn't think I could stand hearing him say that.

Reno—six miserable weeks of loneliness and regret. I kept what I could of my self-respect by refusing any alimony or property settlement and basing my suit for divorce on such vague grounds as mental cruelty. Ironic, that—when the only mental cruelty had been on my side! When it was all over I came back East, to Danville, which is about a hundred miles north of Varney, to stay with Madge Barnum until I could get my bearings. I'd known Madge in college, she had never married and now ran a smart dress shop in Danville. When she suggested that I stay with her permanently and help her in the shop I accepted thankfully. I had to have something

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to do, both for my purse's and my soul's sake.

For three years I didn't hear from Chet except indirectly, through Katharine Ormsby. He was doing well, he hadn't moved away, or married. . . .

In those three years I drove Chet out of my heart. Not in bitterness, but in humility. I'd had my chance at happiness, and I'd tossed it away. Another time—if ever there was another time—I would be wiser, but now there must be no longing for the past, no backward looks, no vain self-punishment. I had learned to think of Chet without pain. I made sure of that before I accepted Katharine's standing invitation to spend a week end with her.

When I went downstairs again, Katharine and Irene had tea ready in the living room. Irene, I thought ruefully when I met her, was much prettier than I had ever been, in spite of what Katharine had said—although she was small, like me, with the same slim figure and the same golden-brown hair. But there the resemblance ended. She moved and talked with a poise I was certain I hadn't had at nineteen—and, I began to think after a few minutes, she had a cool sort of wisdom I wasn't sure I liked.

She and Harry had met in college, I gathered. She didn't live in Varney, but in Willow Springs, fifty miles away, and had driven over only that morning to spend the week-end.

"It was sweet of her, too," Katharine said appreciatively. "Harry's out of town and won't be back until tomorrow morning, but Irene came anyway."

"I wanted to be sure of a good day's visit with you, Mother, before Harry had a chance to drag me off somewhere else," Irene said smoothly—and it was at that instant I began to wonder if she were really as lovely as Katharine believed. Her reply had been a little too pat, a little too dutiful, I thought.

Still, she was clever and amusing, and the three of us found things to talk and laugh about while we had our tea. I was thankful that Katharine had remembered to introduce me as "Miss Kellar." It was better for Irene not to know about the past. After tea Irene excused herself and went to write some letters, and Katharine and I were left alone. Because I knew she would think it odd if I didn't say something about Chet I remarked as casually as I could, "Our old place doesn't look much like bachelor quarters, does it? It's all spruced up, as though it were waiting for someone to take its picture."

Katharine gave me a speculative look. "Or waiting for someone who should be in the picture," she said.

"Don't be sentimental," I told her. "I'm not. I'd rather like to see my garden—but that's all."

"Well, why don't you?" Katharine asked. "As I told you in my letter, Chet's going to be away all this week end. He told me so."

"Maybe I will. You know—" and although I suddenly had an uneasy conviction that I was babbling, I couldn't stop—"I do rather miss that garden of mine. It was the one thing around the house that always belonged just to me. I planned it and planted every seed myself. Chet never went near it. He didn't know one flower from another, and he always said I was crazy to ruin my manicures grubbing around in the dirt. He—"

Something caught in my throat and I stopped.

"Nita dear," Katharine said softly, "you're eating your heart out. Why don't you see Chet?"

But the swift sense of regret, of it-might-have-been, was already gone. I laughed. "You're being sentimental again, Kath. I finished eating my heart out long ago. And I think I *will* sneak through the hedge and take a look at the garden."

HEAD up, too conscious of Katharine's pitying gaze, I went out of the house and around to the back. The bushes—rhododendron, forsythia, dogwood—I had planted in our old back yard had grown so they formed a dense screen between the two houses, but I knew where there was an opening, and I went through it, the summer shade cool on my skin. Without leaving the shelter of the bushes I looked at the garden—and saw that it was as lovely as it had ever been, as carefully tended, as thoroughly pruned and weeded and fertilized. The summer house—

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With a gasp, I shrank back, into deeper shadow. In the summer house, only a few feet away, were a man and a girl, locked in a close embrace. And the man was Chet and the girl was Irene.

As they drew apart I heard their murmurous voices. First Chet's: "And to think I almost went up to Lake Allen this week end! I only just got your letter this morning."

Irene, agitated and husky: "I didn't know until last night Harry wouldn't be here. I couldn't write sooner."

"You've got to tell him," Chet said. "We can't go on like this."

"No. But I dread it so. I hate to hurt him. And—maybe—I'm not sure—"

"You're not sure?" Chet asked sharply. "You mean you're not sure which of us you want?"

"Oh, no, I don't mean that—I don't know *what* I meant!" This was a new Irene, very different from the self-assured young person I had met in Katharine's living room. She was hesitant, confused. Even in my quick anger at finding her here, even realizing how false had been her statement that she'd come down early to visit her future mother-in-law, I couldn't help feeling sorry for her. She said breathlessly, "Couldn't we just run away together?"

"Absolutely not!" Chet said. "God knows I'm not very proud of the way things have turned out—I never wanted to fall in love with my neighbor's girl—but since it's happened, it's got to be done openly. If you don't want to tell him, I will."

"No, no," she said hastily. "But give me a little more time, darling. I'll—I'll meet you here tonight, about ten o'clock, if I can get away. And I'll have my mind all made up by then."

I saw her arms go about his neck, his head bend to meet hers, and I slipped back into Katharine's garden, in a panic lest Irene return and see me.

When I reached my own room I was trembling—for those few moments in the garden had shattered all my carefully built up illusions about myself. I hadn't stopped loving Chet. Seeing Irene in his arms had been sheerest torture. I had wanted to step out from my hiding place and cry, "You can't have him! He's mine! No matter what's happened, he's still my husband."

A hatred for Irene that was almost animal choked me. What right had she, the fiance of another man, to take Chet's love too? . . . But there I stopped, brought up against the futility and unreasonableness of my own emotions. Selfishly, I had thought of the situation only as it concerned me. But other happiness besides my own were involved—Chet's, Irene's, Harry's, even Katharine's, since she adored her son and what hurt him was just as painful to her.

Irene had said she would make up her mind. That meant it was still not too late. She could still be sent back to Harry. But suppose it was right for her and Chet to love, to marry? Suppose their real happiness lay in being together? Then I should have no right to interfere—if, indeed, interference could do more than make a bad matter worse.

I had reached no conclusion when Katharine called me to dinner. It was a difficult meal, for both Irene and I were abstracted, given to long silences and sudden, painful spurts of conversation. A puzzled, worried look came into Katharine's eyes.

How I wished I could read Irene's thoughts! And yet, I realized it would have done little good, for this girl did not know her own mind. . . . Suddenly I stopped my mechanical attempt to eat the food on my plate, a fork halfway to my lips while I stared, fascinated. As if in answer to my unspoken plea, Irene at that moment *was* giving me a vivid, unconscious glimpse of her secret thoughts.

The three of us were grouped around a small table in the dining room. Opposite Irene a mirror hung on the wall and now, while Katharine was talking, I saw Irene looking into this mirror, saw her tilt her head a little more to the side and appraise the effect, then with an effort wrench her attention away from the image in the glass and return to dutiful listening.

It was a bit of byplay lasting only a few seconds, but it gave me the key to Irene's character. Why, she

(*Continued on page* 86)

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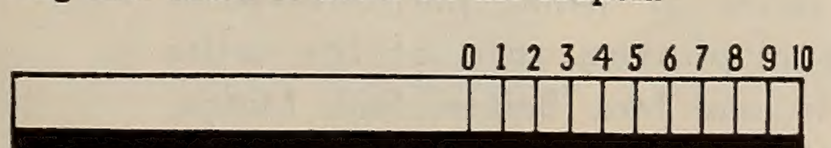

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(*Continued from page* 84)

was only a child, and a vain child at that! She delighted in her beauty and in the power it placed in her narrow, white-skinned hands. Even now she didn't entirely comprehend the potential tragedy of having two men loving her, wanting her.

Then she must be made to comprehend it.

Perhaps the decision I made then was reckless, foolish. I didn't know if it would succeed. But it was the only thing I could think of.

PLEADING weariness, I went upstairs early, ostensibly to sleep. But at a quarter to ten I slipped on a wrap and quietly made my way down the back stairs and through the same opening in the hedge I had used that afternoon. Screened by bushes, I waited while fireflies danced through the purple darkness. At last, when I was almost bursting with tension, I heard the prudently soft creak of Chet's back door, his footsteps on the gravel. I moved then, knowing he would see the white gleam of my dress.

His steps quickened, and he was at my side. "Irene, dearest!" He swept me into his arms, and I nearly fainted under the bitter-sweetness of his kiss, his kiss that was meant for Irene.

Then—

"Well, Chet!" I exclaimed, breathless but still forcing amusement into my voice. "You haven't lost your touch, have you? That was the nicest kiss you ever gave me."

I felt the shock go through his body before he let me go and stumbled back. "Good Lord! Nita!"

"Yes," I said. "Nita—not Irene."

"But what—why didn't you stop me?" he stammered. "Why did you let me kiss you?"

"*Let* you? I couldn't stop you! Besides—" From the corner of my eye I saw a faint shadow approaching through Katharine's garden. "Besides," I said slowly, "I rather—liked it—"

"You've come back," he whispered. "After all this time."

"Don't talk," I said, lifting my face to his. "Chet—"

Again his arms were around me, holding me close, and we kissed for a second—an eternity—a space of time without time. Until I heard a stifled sob, and hurried footsteps, retreating.

Hating myself, I pushed Chet away. "That's all, I guess," I said in a small voice. "I think we've helped Irene make up her mind."

He did not let me go. Instead, his hands slipped to my arms, tightened there until they hurt. He said, "You mean that kiss was a trick?"

"A trick—yes." I hung my head. Even though it was dark, I couldn't risk seeing his face. "A rather low, mean trick, I'm afraid."

"And that was the only reason you let me kiss you—so Irene would see and run away? Not because you wanted to?"

"That was the only reason." But suddenly I couldn't let him think that; a wild hope had come to me under the ardor of his kiss, and I burst out, "No! It *wasn't* the only reason. I tried to pretend it was, but—oh, Chet, it hurt me so when I thought you might marry Irene!"

"You were jealous?" he asked flatly—and the short question brought back in a rush all the needless strife of our marriage, so that I could only answer humbly:

"Yes. Again. But it wasn't the same kind of jealousy, Chet. At least, I don't think it was. It didn't make me want to strike out at you, but to—to bring you back to me. I knew you had a right to love Irene. I just wanted you to stop loving her."

"At last!" He let his breath out in a long sigh. "I used to hope this would happen some day. I used to hope you'd realize you couldn't tie me hand and foot—didn't have a certificate of ownership of me. I wanted you to learn that you can love someone without feeling that way."

"And then," I said timidly, "you stopped hoping and—and fell in love with Irene?"

"Yes. But only because she reminded me of you. And I thought I could make her happy, and up until now she seemed to care more for me than for Harry. In fact—" But he broke off, and left me to guess that the beginning of their love affair had been Irene's doing, not his.

"If a man can't have the girl he wants," he went on after a little silence, "he usually takes the girl he can get. It probably isn't very smart of him, and only leads to trouble, but — Anyway, thanks for stopping me from making that mistake—and, Nita . . . let's not make another one. Come back to me."

"You didn't stop loving me when you let me get the divorce?" I asked, not daring to hope it could be true.

"I've never stopped! You saw this garden?" he asked eagerly. "I've kept it just as you planned it, every bush, every flower. The house, too. Nothing at all has been changed. As long as everything looked as if you'd just stepped away for a minute, I could pretend you'd be back. Only, after a while, when you didn't come, I had to stop pretending."

"Why didn't you come to me?" I demanded, thinking of all the lonely months.

"I couldn't—not unless I was willing to let you go on being jealous. If I'd come begging to you, that would have been admitting that you did own me, and we'd have started the same old wretched life over again. This is a *new* life we'll be starting now, if—if you want to."

"If I want to!" I said, half-laughing, half crying. "I feel so small and foolish, I guess it had better be if *you* want to!"

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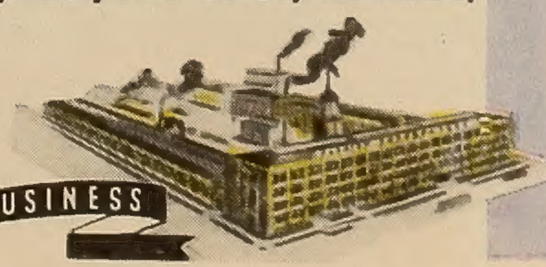

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